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ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS ON PARTING.

Adieu to thee, whose winning charms
Have robb'd this bosom's rest;
Adieu! and trust to other arms
That form which mine hath prest'd.
Go seek the homed voice of those
Whom Fortune makes more dear;
But know, this heart tho' griev'd, still flows
With fondness as sincere!

I met thee in life's summer hour,
And strove to make thee blest;
I leave thee now, a tender flower,
By other hands carest'd.
I found thee soft and kind at first,
In feeling's purest glow—
I leave thee, tho' my bosom burst,
And transport yields to woe.

Go! and unite in other hands
That heart untrue to me;
But while a shred of life responds
Mine beats unchang'd to thee!
Take, take the emblems that you gave,
When vows appear'd too true;
Oh! bear them to your quiet grave,
Till love has triumph'd through!

Go! weave around some other heart
Affection's aching ties;
And then, should Fortune lower, depart,
Like birds in summer skies.
Leave not a cheek unwet with tears,
A breast unmov'd with pain;
But bear thy conquests with thy years,
Till not a charm remains!

Thy love, tho' brief as summer flowers,
Is yet as angels' pure—
It lives in pleasure's rapture'd hours,
But dies when storms come o'er.
Yet I the sad reverse can bear,
Since thou hast prov'd unkind;
And in unbreathing silence wear
The grief-worn thoughts of mind.

Adieu! but bear within thy breast
The memory of the past;
Nor scorn the thought so often prest'd,
"My love is mine at last!"
Adieu! and round thy fond one's name;
Kind memory 'spell be thrown,
And think of him whose changeless flame
In brightness shines alone!

WALDEGRAVE.

TO GRIEF.

INSCRIBED TO MISS LYDIA L——S.

Nymph of the weeping eye—the flowing tear—
Companion of the sad and stricken heart,—
Thou, who to mortals art forever near,
Still lingering round some lov'd and chosen part:
Friend of the friendless! whom none own beside—
Soul-humbling One! to thee I willing bow!
For O, thy silent vanquishings of pride
Have taught my spirit's high content to know,
And every aiming thought to feel thy pow'r below!

There was a time—ere Hope had truant prov'd,
Or Pleasure—giddy phantom—hid her face;
When every little thing my heart had mov'd,
And all I gazed on spoke of loveliness—
There was a time, vain me, I knew thee not!
For every thought, and every feeling, lent
The charm of Beauty to the humblest lot!
And I was happy!—Hear'n has not yet sent,
Nor thee, a pang, to mar my bosom's glad content!

Yes, I was happy!—Memory dared not chide;
For Hope, and Joy, and Truth, were written on
The beauteous precincts of a brow, unbid
By care—unbann'd by subtlety! I was one
To whom Life seemed a gay and happy dream
Of cloudless sunshine: And the fairy forms
Imagination gifted with her gleam,
Were like the burning thoughts—the madd'ning storms—
The deep—wild—blaze, that Love so tinctures with alarms!

O, I was then *all* feeling—all desire!
Tho' Disappointment scowled across my path,
Hope shew'd her talisman—the quenchless fire,
The boundless thirst for knowledge—all that hath
Dominion in the wild, unshackled soul,
Burst forth in newer energies!—the touch
Of model death could hardly dare control
The fiery mountings of my spirit—such
Was the fierce flame within me—raging, O, how much!

Alas! proud one, that thou shouldst love to seathe
The faithful and the feeling heart alone!
That thou shouldst visit with supremest wrath
That bosom whose deep throbs are all thine own!
The tenderest plant is soonest doomed to fade!
The changing heart, and the inconstant eye,
Wither not soon as those by nature made
Changeless and deep!—Whose pure intensity
Trembles with every cloud that flitteth lowering by!

Heard ye the voice of music in the hall!
The lute's soft breathings—and the pomp—the state,
Of the loud swelling organ—heard ye all!
There feasteth those whom men have styled great!
Hark!—'tis the voice of laughter; and the sound
Of jocund footsteps in the merry dance:
Think ye that they shall ever thus be found?
Belief is the hour of gladness! and the glance
Of pleasure, sloth, O Grief! but hastes thine advance!

Mark'd ye the lowly mansion? Is there aught
To mar its harmony and peace? Hath Woe
Forbore to visit them? Hath careful thought
Not grav'd its image on the humble brow?
Wealth cannot bribe thee! Hunger cannot starve
Thee from the door of Penury!—The high,
The mighty, and the humble, all must serve
Th' appointed end, and then they all must die!
Who knows it if on down—or in some hovel nigh?

Vain thou, lo! to think that man can hide from thee!
Thou who art ever present, tho' unseen:
The brightest link in life's short chain may be
The weakest too!—Alas, who hath not seen—
Whose eye hath not yet told him that the wave
Of fortune, tho' it break upon his head,
Receding, for its fellow digs a grave
Deep, wide, and ample!—Aye, Fate's brittle thread
Full well may glide on while 'tis thus as consumed!

DEDICATION.

Poets have said—(what will not Poets say?)
That the bright stars which spangle yonder heav'n,
So bright!—so beautifully bright!—that they
Have listen'd to the voice of music riven
From earthly choirs:—shall I, tho' God has given
Not unto me the master's spell-wrought line,
But the rude pen of nature—shall even
I dare to hope, sweet Miss, thou'lt own as thine
This offspring of a heart so weak—so frail, as mine?

SENEX.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE ANCHORET.

Lone, in a solitary wild,
Amid the majesty of nature's God,
Sat, brooding o'er an untold, hopeless woe,
A thing like man.

The somewhat singular manner in which the following story came into my possession deserves recording. In the year 1823, I was travelling amid a "howling wilderness." Night overtook me many miles from the place of my destination. It was as dark as—as it always is when neither moon nor stars give evidence that such planets are in existence. I had some strong objections to passing the night alone and without shelter, which might perhaps appear strange to a son of the forest, but which, to me at least, seemed very serious. To increase my perplexity, I had wandered from the main road. My horse, however, still continued to break his way slowly through the tangled underbrush, till at length, to my inexpressible joy, I discovered apparently the dim glare of a taper through the deep gloom of the wood. I was deceived by a *fieri-facias*, no, that an't the name.—I have it—it was an *ignis-fatuus*; but, notwithstanding, as it floated along, self-upheld, it showed me the dim outlines of a miserable hut, apparently tenantless. So it proved, though affording a better shelter, both for man and beast, than many an apology for an inn amid the extensive wilds of Ohio. At sunrise I awoke, much refreshed; and being of a somewhat inquisitive nature, began to examine the ruins of the hut. I had pillowed my head upon a slight eminence; it was a dry and ghastly skeleton!—One hand was thrown across the breast, the other stretched out upon the floor; the under jaw had fallen off, and the eyeless sockets,—faugh, I shudder yet, even at the thought of it. On a worm-eaten shelf, amidst a pile of mouldy and dust-covered books and pamphlets, I found the following tale. From the writing it appears to have been composed at two distant times. There is the strong nervous hand of youth, and the palsied, trembling hand of mature age. Of its truth and consequently value, I shall say nothing, as you can judge for yourself after a perusal:—

Should these pages ever meet the eye of man, and perhaps they may when my body has mingled with its original dust, he will, I trust, permit me, ere I record the parti-colored scenes of my life, to address to him a few preparatory lines. Like you, oh man! I am one who is hastening on towards an eternity of happiness or woe. Like you, I am toiling on through life's dark gloomy vale. But start not, reader, if you are yet in the bloom of youth, and can still look forward to futurity with the hope and expectation of happiness. I would not, I will not blight in the bud thy fond day-dreams, thy airy fleet-work palaces. No, still hug to your heart the pleasing illusion; I will not break the magic mirror. But thou, oh age! thou who hast witnessed thy hopes of the future all withering beneath thy grasp—who has seen all, age, *all* the fond visions of thy early life fade away like the mist which rises from the secret bosom of the mighty deep, at the approach of the sun, weep with me over the destiny of man! But wonder not that I too in youth formed erratic schemes of future life, and have seen them vanish when apparently just about to be realized. Paint, with the pencil of imagination, a long sought for *happiness*, like a bright phantom, such as you have seen hovering around you in your *midnight* dreams, and when you rush forward to seize the aerial inhabitant of fancy's temple, have seen it elude your grasp, and smile in cruel mockery upon your disappointment.—Such feelings have often, alas! too often, been mine. My life has been of a wild and varying hue. The brief abstract I now give may amuse some, it cannot injure any. Some parts of it seem like the recurrence to mind of an indistinct and long-forgotten dream, while others are imprinted in fire upon my heart, which nothing but death can extinguish.

My birth-place was the city of H——d. Until the age of twelve years, I lived with a brother and two sisters, in the magnificent mansion of my father. It is not at this distant period, it cannot be vanity, to say that my heart was formed for the deepest feelings. Hate seldom inhabited it; but once there, its hold was till death. As strong as death, it would almost burst the gates of that potent monarch, and wrest its victim from his dominion! But love, love had its sway, with a force that time itself could not diminish. It was not the low, steady flame of an undying taper; it was not the bright flash of a moment; but it was like the terrible precursor of a storm without its evanescence, burning like eternal flame on the broad face of heaven!

An uncle, a very rich and kind man, came to visit my father when I had attained the age of twelve years. The distance to his residence was short, but always immersed in business, he seldom found time or inclination to leave it. When he returned he insisted upon taking me with him. It was the first time I had ever parted from the beautiful, the playful companions of my childhood: from my revered father, and dear, dear mother. Sad were my feelings, though the sweet soothing tears flowed freely, and we departed.

Time coursed on with lagging steps for eight years. I had become a man; and often now, in fancy, were the soft and low-breathed sighs of beauty wafted to my ear. Beauty was my idol: I worshiped, almost adored it. Yes, I could bow down and lay my head in the dust before a pair of brilliant eyes and crimson-tinged alabaster cheeks.

Two years had passed since I had seen my home. Swift rolled the rattling wheels, and the cheerful chirup of the driver rung like music to my heart, for it urged still faster on the foaming steeds. Anticipations of happiness and sweet enjoyments! already ye pictured to my view the dear circle of my kindred. There was the blue, joy-lit eyes of my mother and sisters, and the black, careless gleam of my brother. The carriage stopped at the well-remembered door, and I rushed in. William met me in the hall: he was weeping. "What is the matter? why do you weep?" "Prepare yourself for bad news—almost the worst." "I am, I am; what is it?—Speak!" "Theresa is ——" "Dead!" I shrieked, rushing past him.

She *was* dead. How calm and still she slept; that pale, inanimate, lifeless thing! I bent over her and kissed her pale lips, still warm with recent life. My mother too was ill. She had been afflicted with an inflammation on the brain. Her health was partially restored, but her reason remained unsettled. Such was the welcome I received! I followed, with a stern look and a tearless eye, to the grave of Theresa. They laid her in the cold ground. I could have cursed them for the deed; but with a strong effort restrained the violence of my passion. I heeded not who went or came, till a trembling hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a laugh full of horror startled me.—It was my mother! She wept and laughed alternately; but she was very pale, except a deep glow like fire upon her smooth, glossy forehead. And, oh! if agony can be added to despair, I felt it then. And we stood together, and knelt together, over the fresh sodded grave. Suddenly she started and fled: others rushed past in pursuit; and my brother came and took my hand, while the tears flowed down his cheeks, and led me unresisting home. And there my father sat, silent, uncomplaining and passive, as though he scarce knew the cause of his sorrow. They brought my mother home, the servants from whom she had fled; they bore her in on a litter; her hands and clothes were stained with blood! They laid her upon a bed, but she never spoke again! I went to her, and kissed her white brow and her cold, bloody hand; and turned away, left the room, and fled. I know not whither, but the tangled brake was my only bed, and the wild beast, and the spotted snake, and the toad, were my only companions; for I scared away the sweet birds that would have sung to me: I bade them begone and they flew away; but I loved, at evening and at *midnight*, to listen to the hooting of the owl; and the bat, I loved to hear him whiz past my head, and snap his teeth close to my ear: and the wild beasts growled in concert, while his red flaming eyes glared upon me: and, oh! how soothing was the shrill howl of the shaggy wolf. At length I became restless, and wished again to behold a face that belonged to humanity.—The bestial train of the forest began to grow hateful to me. I wished again to hear the birds of song warble forth their morning notes to the rising sun, but they flew away at my approach affrighted. Then would I lay me down, despondent and heart-sick, on the cold ground, and—no, no, I did not, could not weep! Once sleep closed my eyes: I was again in my father's halls: all was mirth and festivity. A bridal train swept by me, and the blushing bride, I thought it was Lucia, but on her lip, her sweet vermilion lip, love had wreathed a smile; it looked as though her heart smiled. And the bridegroom, a scornful smile curled his proud lip, and a frown darkened on his brow. There I stood, aloof, alone, and unnoticed; till my father raised his hand to bless his last remaining daughter. A shriek broke the momentary silence, and the bride sunk upon the floor, red blood spouting from her bosom;—while the groom stood over her, waving in exultation his blood-stained dagger! Another shriek, and I awoke. My fire was burning low, and a huge panther had approached within a few feet of me, crouching to take his deadly leap. I seized a smoking brand and hurled it at his head—he ran howling into the thicket.

Then I determined once more to seek the habitations of man. I pursued my way through the wild mazes of the forest, and again came in sight of the abode of my infancy. It was evening: all was still; no illumined hall, no festivity resounded loud—the voice of mirth and gladness there was hushed. I entered; there was none to welcome me. The door of my sister's chamber stood partly open. She was singing a low, plaintive air. The words to this day remain imprinted on my memory:—

Theresa, oh! where is thy sweet voice now?
I hear it no more at the even tide,
For the green grass grows where thy form lies low,
Grim death has called thee to be his bride!

All, all are dead, I am left alone,
Like a mastless bark on the bounding sea;
How sweet the grave where their spirits have flown,
But there's none for me, there is none for me!

Soft lies the turf on a sinless head,
And lingers the breeze ere for age it flee,
O'er the grassy graves of the sleepless dead:
Oh! would they could whisper o'er one for me!

"Lucia," I said; she arose and turned towards me. There was fear marked upon her countenance, as she gazed in silence. "Lucia, my sister," I repeated, and then she knew me: joyful was that meeting to both. At length I inquired for my father. She wept. I repeated the question, and she answered in a low, deep voice, "Dead." "And William, where is he?" "Dead, dead, all dead!" "All dead," I murmured; "it needs but one more, and I am alone—one more, and my blood flows in the veins of nothing earthly save myself;" and I felt a horrid pleasure in the idea: my lips parted with a smile, but it was full of woe.

Day once more broke over the world in all her matron glory. To visit and weep over the graves of my family, was my first duty. I was astonished, on reading the dates of their monuments, to find they had been dead upwards of a year! Could it be possible that a year had passed over my head in that wild forest?

Needless and tedious would it be, to relate the manner in which my time was passed for several weeks. One night I was awakened by a servant, who told me my sister was dying, and wished to see me. Then I felt that she too was destined for the grave, and instantly proceeded to her chamber; but too late, she was lifeless. Then, for the first time, was a direful tale whispered in my ear. She had been betrayed and deserted!

James Walton! let his name be recorded in letters of blood on the blackest page of infamy, was one of those smooth, perfidious villains, who, like the deadly serpent, charm ere they strike their victims: he was one of those who by deep wiles, and artful flattery, win their way to the heart of unsuspecting innocence, and then leave them to their misery and despair. I sat by my sister's corpse two long nights and days; and then at midnight, unknown, I followed her to the house of the dead. Well do I remember the long train that accompanied her,—the white maidens walking by the side of the hearse, and the black cowled priests, and the long glimmering, flickering tapers; but not a whisper, nothing save the slow, solemn tread, broke the mournful silence. An uninterested spectator, might have fancied he saw the nightly orgies of departed spirits! They laid her in the dust, the last save one of an ancient and honorable name. They laid her in her kindred dust: then, when all had departed,—when I viewed the sable priests and the dim tapers, slowly winding their way through a long avenue, shrouded by the green, lifeless poplar: and when the chaunt for the dead fell fainter and more faint upon my ear, then I knelt by the cemetery of my ancestors, upon the tomb of my sister, and swore eternal hatred and a deep revenge upon her destroyer; and invoked the spirit of Lucia to haunt me sleeping or waking, till that revenge was complete. That oath was recorded in letters never to be erased but by the hand of death, upon a heart as I thought for ever seared.

Lonely is the mansion of my father—lonely is my father's hall. A solitary being, musing with terrible despair, yet with demoniac pleasure, I had almost said exultation, over the total extinction of my family,—a smile, grim as imagination might paint that of the arch fiend, when counting over the goodly numbers of those whom he has led astray, would often settle on my features, and leave its trace for hours, when brooding over my proposed revenge. Lonely is my father's hall: my step alone awakes the lingering echo; my foot only disturbs the midnight watch. When a deep sleep covers the world—when the spirits of the dead return to earth in penance for their crimes—then do I steal forth, like the guilty wretch who fears to face his fellow mortals, and stretch myself upon the vault, where my friends sleep in corruption! If ever I walked forth in the day time, I was pointed at, and laughed at—and the suppressed whisper of fear or curiosity, would sometimes reach my ear; but none spoke to me; few knew me—even the children would run screaming with terror from me. "'Tis strange," I exclaimed, as I paced my mother's chamber—it was the first time I had entered it since her death—"'tis strange that all should fly from me, as though there was contamination in the very air I breathe." My eye caught the reflection of my form in a mirror, and my wonder ceased. A most horrid appearance presented itself to my view,—shaggy, matted elf locks hung over my forehead, a black grisly beard curled around my neck, my garments, covered with dirt, hung in tatters about me. I laughed aloud at my own grotesque figure.

From that time I became an altered man, and entered the gay world as just returned from foreign parts. My uncle had left me the bulk of his immense fortune. Riches were therefore mine, far beyond the utmost extent of my wishes. Envy followed my footsteps; praise and flattery were whispered in my ear. Apparently the "gayest of the gay," I rushed into the vortex of dissipation. Fortune bought me friends, lovers, every thing that the heart of man could wish—but all around me were false; their pretensions of friendship were hollow and fleeting as the cavern echo.

The time at length came—and he who had ruined the fame, and broken the heart of many a fair and ill-starred maid, became in his turn a mark to the all powerful shafts of love. The object of that love was fair, but nature had denied her a heart, or rather the love of the world and its allurements, banished every other passion. Her highest wish, her only aim, was to be thought the fairest, the most fashionable, and the most worshipped, of the heartless insects who sported around her. To be such, riches must become tributary. These she had not; and she destined James Walton as her prey. He fell into her snare, and proved to the world that he had a heart, by his devotion to her slightest wishes. This was what I wanted—and I rejoiced, for my revenge was near. Every manœuvre that an inventive genius could suggest, was put in operation, to alienate her pretended affections from him.

They succeeded, for she knew my fortune was more ample; he was forbidden the house, and I was near to triumph in secret over his agony: he beat his naked bosom with his clenched fist: his features were distorted with shame, rage, and disappointment; and his eyes rolled like a raving maniac!

"Ha! ha! ha! it was a glorious sight," I exclaimed, pacing as usual my solitary chamber. That night was spent in exultation, but my revenge was not yet complete. Lucia was dead, and he yet lived: it was not enough, he must die! He thought me ignorant of his villany, for with him my face had ever worn a careless smile, as though all within was at ease, and he triumphed in the hope that it would ever remain a secret. The next morning a friendly invitation was sent, requesting him to meet me at eight in the evening. We met as friends, where the Banks of the L—— wash the eternal rock upon which my mansion was built. The white moonlight trembled on the foaming wave, and slept placid and serene, on the green sward beneath our feet. He was musing over his ruined hopes, yet ignorant of their destroyer. I stood before him; my eye flashed back the moon beam, and my form dilated with passion. "James Walton," I shouted, "murderer of the sainted Lucia, seducer of innocence, foul, contaminated wretch, thy hour has come: remember thy black crimes, call to mind the tears and prayers of your victim, for the avenger is near! Did you think I did not know you? Did you think that retribution, because delayed, would never come? Know that I have dogged your steps, have watched each movement, when you little thought I was near. 'Twas I who ruined your hopes—'twas I who blasted your expectations—it was I who stole the affections of your false, fickle bride."

He had been standing silent, and pale with fear, till the last denunciation was hurled upon his head; but then his eyes glared like mine: he eagerly seized the offered sword, and they were bared to the glittering dew. We fought with the fury of mortal hate: the fire rolled to the earth when our swords clashed: my foot slipped, and his weapon entered my side. I thought the wound was mortal, and sprang upon him like a tiger, determined he too should share my fate. I shortened my sword, and drove it to his heart. He fell to the earth with a hollow groan—his eye glared—and the white foam, mingled with blood, stood on his lip. I yelled with a fiend-like laugh, as I trampled upon his body—and then hurled it into the foaming torrent! Dark, black clouds, curtained the planet of night; and the rains of heaven washed away every trace of James Walton from the earth!

For many weeks after, I was unable to leave my room. My wound was deep, and at one time thought mortal; but health once more invigorated my frame, and shed her balmy influence through my veins. The past was shrouded in gloom. Without a kindred tie to bind my heart to the world, why should I live? Why not, "by a single act end all," and sleep in death? An unknown, invisible hand, withheld me from suicide. There was nothing worth living for, but yet I lived. A hatred to society, and a wish to hide myself forever from the world, has led me to this wild retreat. Youth, health, and riches, although the last is valueless in my eyes, are still mine. The time *may* come, when I shall again mingle with a now hateful world. Perhaps that time is near. * * * *

Once more to the world a long farewell—'tis now forever. Oh! would that I had never left my lonely, solitary cot. But vain is that wish. The past can never, never be recalled: and the present,—how age adds speed to the wings of Time. When I left this place fifteen years ago, it was my determination to travel. The world was all before me. On no single spot was my affection centered. Europe was witness to my determination. The gilded, burning sands of Africa, bore the print of my footsteps. Asia through them has my harassed, yet proud spirit, borne me. I have gazed upon the mighty pyramids of Egypt,—those proud links that unite the past with the present and things to come—those chronicles of by-gone days, which mock at the crumbling hand of time, and laugh to scorn the earthquake and the whirlwind! I have gazed upon the giant walls of Constantinople, where the first christian Emperor erected the standard of the cross, now waning before the blood-stained crescent of Mahomet. The mosque and the minaret now usurp the place where once the spire of the Apostle of God reflected the blaze of day. My bark has mingled with the proud sails that float on the Bosphorus. Rome! the palace of the Cæsars, the mighty Coliseum, the Circus, the Temples of the Gods, the Capitol, and the Pantheon,—all have passed before me, as though the wand of a magician had opened the mighty portals of distant worlds, and suffered me to gaze upon the effects of towering ambition—the folly of man in endeavouring to perpetuate his name, as though he would bid the generations of undiscovered futurity to gaze with wonder on his works, and listen to his name with awe. And these proud monuments are crumbling now. And the names that reared them—where are they? Go ask oblivion. Will she tell you? Oh! never think it. She will smile in derision, and point to her black, still, engulphing wave, and whisper,—There will thy name sleep—and so will mine. Well, let it—let it sleep.

The bright, unclouded sun, had smiled his farewell to the half dismantled, yet proud walls, of the city of Naples. I stood upon an eminence in the outskirts of the city. What a scene of grandeur lay before me. A long, blue streak, tinged with gold, stretched itself to the west, like some far distant wave rising in wrath, except that it was as still and immoveable, as though outspread by the strong hand of Omnipotence. The barge, the gondola, and the white glittering sail, like the sea gull about to rise from element to element, dashed swiftly along, and mingled with the shadows of innumerable palaces.

"A very pleasant evening, sir," said a voice behind me. I turned to face the intruder. He was an elderly man, with regular features, upon which age had left but few traces. On his arm hung a female, light and airy as a phantom—and, as far as I could discover, very beautiful. "You appear to be a stranger in this city, and probably are not aware that these suburbs are much infested with robbers. In ten minutes darkness will cover the earth, and your life will be endangered by a longer stay."

I was in no very companionable humour; and, returning thanks for his kindness, slowly departed towards the banks of a projecting arm of the bay, then placid and beautiful, as though covered with glass. Many barges, and other water craft, were moored on the opposite bank, rocking to the scarce perceptible motion of the water; and a few chaloupes and gondolas, with illuminated bows, were darting across the bay in different directions, like so many shooting stars. A twenty oared barge, fantastically decorated, with streamers flying, now attracted my attention. She was approaching; and a strain of the sweetest music came fluttering over the wave: now swelling full, and echoing far and free—and then sinking into indistinctness, till every fibre of the heart was strained, and every nerve trembled with indefinable emotion. As she neared the shore, a gondola, without lights, darted from the shadow of the bank but a short distance from me, and shot directly before her. A fearful shriek was heard, and the next instant they met. The gondola was shattered and sunk; the band ceased playing, lights were moving hurriedly to and fro in the barge, and cries for help, mingled with shrieks, rung in my ears. I darted down the declivity; and, wrenching the chain of a skiff, sprang into her, and put off towards the sufferers. A female, clinging to a fragment of the wreck, was, with my assistance, lifted into the barge. "Oh! save my father," she shrieked, while the water dripped from her long, black, glossy ringlets. Her father was lifted into the skiff, as he rose a second time to the surface. Two of the gondoliers sunk forever! By the time we reached the shore, the old man was so far recovered as to be able to lend his assistance in conveying his daughter home. A servant preceded us with a flambeau, to one of the most magnificent palaces of Naples. I was struck with astonishment at the glare of grandeur and riches displayed in the interior. I recognised the man who had given me the friendly warning in the suburbs, in the person of the father: and if I had thought the daughter beautiful in the dusky hue of twilight, how much more so did she appear now, amid the blaze of her father's palace! Notwithstanding his entreaties, I persisted in my resolution of returning to my hotel. "She is very lovely—very." Such thoughts occupied my mind during the remainder of the evening, and her image mingled with my dreaming fancies.

The next morning, agreeable to a promise of the preceding evening, my steps were directed to the "Morrelli Palace." I was welcomed in the kindest manner by the old man. His daughter, he said, had scarce recovered from the fright of the last evening—but would soon make her appearance. He was a man who had made human nature his study. Easy, affable, and agreeable in his manner, and at home on every subject. Taking advantage of a momentary pause in the conversation which ensued, he said:—

"It is right you should know the person whom you have rescued. My name is Falerio Castelini. It was once my highest glory to belong to a Senate, whose wisdom dictated laws, and whose rigid justice guarded them from violation. Alas! how degenerated now! but complaint is useless. May I be permitted to know the name of one, to whose generous exertions I owe my life?"

"Certainly: my name is Charles M——. My birth place, America."

"You are then an American. The sound of that mighty revolution, which gave you liberty and a name among the nations of the earth, has reached these distant shores. Our hearts have bled at the recital of your wrongs, and rejoiced at their glorious termination. May I know the nature of the business which has brought you to Naples? Perhaps I can assist you." Before I could answer, Rosella entered, radiant in beauty—her face beaming smiles. After the usual salutations and gratulations, Castelini again turned to me.

"If," said he, "our short acquaintance does not warrant the liberty I have taken, it is at your own option to answer my question; but I am anxious, in some measure, to relieve the weight of obligation under which I labour, by reciprocating it, if possible."

"I thank you for your kind intention: and if you think the events of my life will interest you, as they are connected with my business here, I will relate them—but speak not of obligation: the pleasure of having been of service to a fellow creature in distress,"—and I glanced to the blushing Rosella—"more than compensates me. I pray you, let it be forgotten."

"Though you may forget it, there are those who never will—but, you will indeed favour me: I shall listen to your story with pleasure."

Where is that man, who, having for a short time at least, become a being of interest to an object of adoration, who would not tax such power to the utmost, in portraying the scenes of former days, to interest that heart in his favour? I was in a most communicative mood, and related the principal events of my short, but certainly not uninteresting life. I was fully gratified for my pains, by the gentle tear of compassion that glittered in the bright eyes of Rosella. How the sympathising tear of innocence and beauty, heals the corroding sorrow of a wounded heart! Each succeeding day saw me at the "Morrelli Palace," where I was always sure of a welcome. The duties of his station, often called Castelini from home for many hours together; and, in his absence, I wandered with Rosella through the long colonnade in front of the Palace, admiring the beauty of an Italian eve, or listening with rapture when she accompanied her voice with the dulcet tones of the lute. At other times, the ready gondola wafted us over the receding wave, dancing lightly over the little billow, as though it felt the influence of the merry air, with which the merrier gondolier lightened his daily labour. My propensity for travelling suddenly left me. A new study was opened, far more delightful than history or antiquity. She whom I loved to study with all the vivacity of an Italian, possessed a heart sensibly alive to the kindly feelings of woman—a heart which, once enkindled by the torch of love, burned with the steadiness and intensity of her native noon-day's sun. Possessing a retentive memory, her mind was stored with wisdom far above her sex or years; yet, with her, there was no parade of learning or accomplishments—no affectation. Every action, every movement, proved her a very child of nature. At times, in conversation, she would rove from subject to subject with astonishing rapidity; yet, like the bee, extracting honey from every flower.

Months revolving around the wheel of Time, still saw me a daily visitor at the Palace. On one of those mornings, when a heavy mist, to appearance almost tangible, lay along the bay, and hung suspended from the brow of the mountain, or coiled around the vine grove, forming a most picturesque view, that of a forest of clouds,—when the panting sun rode through the clear dry firmament, and the streets were insufferably hot and parched,—I found Rosella reclining upon a sofa. She welcomed me—but her usual smile held its place no longer. A mild melancholy had settled on her features—and, when she touched the lute, it was only to plaintive airs. Soon she laid aside that instrument, with a look which showed she had sought relief from music in vain; and, taking my arm, we passed to a small but splendid drawing room. Every thing here was tasteful and elegant. A large gilt cross stood before a mirror that covered nearly a whole side of the apartment. We walked a few times across the room—and then, as if exhausted, she threw herself upon the sofa. A tear trembled in her light blue eye. What was the cause, I cannot tell; but I never looked upon a woman's tears without being enamoured. I seated myself by her side, and inquired the cause of her distress. She answered not, and I threw myself upon my knee before her, and repeated the question more earnestly. Still no answer was returned. That was an opportunity I had long wished for—and I was in the exact position for the scene which ensued—an avowal of love. Her head fell upon my bosom, and the tears flowed freely and unrestrained. I listened in vain for the sweet assurance of reciprocated passion—but the action was sufficient. We knelt together before the cross—and, on that sacred symbol, our faith was plighted forever. The consent of her father to our union, was still wanting—but that was granted as soon as asked. The Chapel was reunited; and, the next week, before the holy Priest, were those vows pronounced, which unalterably bound us to each other, till the hand of death should sever the invisible knot.

Oh! time, time,—thy hand has blasted the glow of earthly hope in my bosom forever: thy hand has touched the invisible, the attenuated thread of life, and the palsy of age is fast stealing upon me. Scarce can the trembling hand direct the pen that records these lines. For years has this manuscript lain untouched. Once more, to wile away the dreary winter of age, I trace back the events of my life, yet unrelated. Thirty years since, the fairest, happiest prospects of the future, lay open before me. My heart looked forward to long years of bliss. Now, oh! how dark, how dark, float by the visions of the past. A year after our marriage Rosella presented me with an heir. With what fond delight would I gaze upon the image of its mother, as it hung upon her breast, and clasped its little innocent arms around her neck—and when its lisping tongue first pronounced the name of father, my heart swelled with unutterable rapture, to see her hug to her bosom the blooming babe, and hang over its untroubled slumber, with such fondness. Parent—husband! you alone can understand my emotions at such moments. How fleeting, how transitory, is all human happiness! Scarce had its infant spirit smiled a year upon the world, when it was called away. I gazed upon its quivering limbs writhing in agony, the rolling glassy eyes, the convulsive shudder, the faint, feeble moan, and the ghastly features, blackened over by the hand of death! Gladly would I have endured all its sufferings, to relieve it for one moment—but, it slept at length, in peace. What is the calm, cold sorrow of an European, to that of one who has been fostered beneath the fervid sun of Italy? With them there is no middle path—their hearts open to the highest happiness of mortality, or the lowest depth of misery.

My beautiful wife sunk beneath the weight of sorrow, and long nights of watchfulness, over our darling babe. Imagining a change of scene would be beneficial; and, by the advice of our physician, we departed from Naples, and embarked on the proud billows of the Mediterranean. The light bark flew swiftly over the blue element, as if delighting to exhibit its speed, and the symmetry of its form, to the monsters over whom it glided. We touched at Sardinia for fresh supplies of water, and again bent the prow through the yielding element. Health was restored to the fragile form of Rosella. Again her cheek bloomed, and her eye beamed with renovated lustre. But there was a melancholy on her brow, and even in her smile, that time alone could dissipate. Sweet being! with thee the thorny path of life was strewed with flowers. When gazing on thee, I felt the proud consciousness that there was one of all God's creatures, whose life was wrapped in mine,—who was happy, or miserable, with me!—and I was happy then.

For some days we had been beating along with a changeful and vacillating breeze; and, as the fourth night fell over the ocean, the sail flapped listlessly against the mast—there was not a breath to raise a ripple on the mirrored tide. Our captain was well acquainted with the fickle and ready angered element on which our bark slept, and from his features alone, for the sky was calm and cloudless, could be gath-

dreadful manifestations of a storm. My wife was persuaded to retire to the cabin, and few of the passengers remained upon deck. Soon the black, threatening clouds arose, and the hoarse winds came roaring over the deep: the red, serpent flashes of lightning burst with appalling rapidity around us, every moment becoming more vivid, and the roar of heaven's artillery more loud and tremendous; the waves heaved their angry heads on high, but every thing had been prepared to meet the storm in time. The light bark fearlessly mounted the billow, and darted along with the rapidity of the wind. "Shoals on our larboard bow," exclaimed the topmen. "Breakers, dead ahead!" echoed at the same instant from the bow. "Hard a-starboard," shouted the captain, in a steady, stern voice.—Now, now might be seen the awful grandeur of a midnight ocean storm; the fearful wonders of the mighty deep! The eye might gaze into the dusky chasms of the surge and view the chrystaline caverns of her inmost recesses. But hark! rising over even the crashings of the sea, and the continued roar of thunder, a shriek of terror stuns the ear; the harsh, grating sound and the sudden shock proclaims the feared disaster has happened. "A boat! a way there, heave away!" shouted the Captain; but no sooner had it touched the wave, than it was dashed into atoms. My wife, alarmed by the shock, came hastily upon deck, and, pale with affright, stood gazing at the contending elements. As morning began to dawn, the Captain thought best to risk another trial, and a second boat was lowered into the water.

There was no other chance for life. I assisted my wife into her and then entered myself; numbers soon crowded in and we put off. A ray of hope cheered us, for land was distinctly visible; but death would not be disappointed of his prey. A mountain wave washed over us; our boat filled and sunk. Oh! that shriek rings in my ears even now! Now I can see the despairing wretches sinking around me, convulsively stretching their hands to heaven in vain! I seized Rosella in my arms, and attempted to swim to shore, but 'twas in vain, she was washed away by an envious billow. With the instinctive love of life, I still breasted the foaming torrent, and was at length dashed senseless upon the beach, beyond the reach of the whelming brine. When I recovered, the sun was riding proudly over the calm blue canopy of the earth; the roar of the sea was gradually subsiding. I started up and gazed around me. The bodies of several of the crew lay stretched upon the beach; and there was my wife, cold and stiff! her hands clenched, her sweet mouth open, and her eyes, and her mouth, and her nostrils, were filled with sand!—God! to stand as I did, and gaze upon the lifeless form of the only thing loved upon earth—clasped in the cold embraces of death—and such a death! Oh! he must be more than mortal, who could endure a sight like that! Why was I spared—and she, the purest, most angelic being, to drink in the foul washings of the sea and the filthy sand—— * * *

Tears! tears from an old man's eyes! I thought my last tear fell upon the grave of my beautiful babe! I can write no more; my term of life is nearly out, my sand is almost run. I shall soon join her in those bright abodes where the weary are at rest; that hour is fast approaching; already I can hear the whispers of the angel of death!

There is one request I would make ere I bid farewell to the world. Should man ever penetrate these wilds, I ask of him, as a fellow mortal, that he will lay my bones in the earth beneath this roof, and place the stone upon which I have engraven my name, at my head.

Thy wish is fulfilled, old man, and a rude stone now marks the last resting place of the

"ANCHORET."

Evening Post.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE MILITIA SYSTEM

THE ROTTEN PART OF THE CONSTITUTION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A brief examination of the inutility and inexpediency of the Militia. Its general character inimical to free government, the rights of conscience, and the morals of the people—addressed to the Members of the Legislature for deliberate consideration.

No. II.

The constitutional and legal powers with which militia officers are invested, cannot but be oppressive to the citizens. The general principles and characters of those who conduct the operations of the militia system, are inimical to the safety of the conscientious; or those who, from sense of religious duty, refuse obedience to their mandates, and who justify that refusal upon the broad ground of constitutional privilege. Upon this point, therefore, the two opposing principles are fairly at issue; and, as is generally the case, the weaker or less obtrusive must yield and suffer, or vainly contend right against might, with the certainty of defeat and loss. We contend, however, that the constitution provides for the enjoyment of *equitable rights*; and that the right of conscience cannot be infringed under colour of law, without violating the constitution. This I have already shown, in its unjust application to those who refuse to bear arms from religious scruples; but to conceive the extent of the injustice requires a momentary examination.

The constitution expressly stipulates in favour of the conscientious, that they shall not be compelled to bear arms, but shall be allowed to pay an equivalent in lieu of it. It never intended, in any case, or upon any pretence whatever, to *interfere with or control consciences*; and the presumption of this intention is strongly urged and enforced in all its provisions. We know that the payment of money as an equivalent consideration for intentional wrong, is equally exceptionable and grievous with the commission of it. He who conscientiously cannot fight, will not pay for fighting; nor can he be persuaded to pay, by an implied contract, for the doing of an act by *another* which he abhors to do in his *own person*. The scruple, if it exists at all, is not less imperative in one case than it is obligatory in the other. To place the converse of this principle in its true light, we need only conceive the *spurious* nature of that conscience which allows the contribution of money towards an alleged wrongful act, but which at the same time withholds personal service. If therefore the framers of our excellent charter were mistaken in their conception of the nature and delicacy of conscientious scruples, and applied an inadequate remedy, not sufficient to prevent their infringement, we who know by experience the effects produced, are justly bound in support of the same object, to apply a more efficient safeguard to prevent further oppression, by saying, *what shall in future be considered an equivalent for personal service?* By reducing exempt fines to nothing, or to a low denomination, you put an end at once to the complaint against militia officers on account of extortion. The constitution of Pennsylvania, as it now stands, avows the right of the citizens to bear arms in the defence of themselves and the State—a right which all who choose may exercise, without risk of interruption or danger of ever being called in question! We would not abrogate this right; nor do we intend to interfere with or control the conscientious in the use of this privilege; but we conceive there is a wide difference between the voluntary exercise of a right, and the imposition of it as a duty. When those who feel tenacious of the privilege choose to exercise it, we have no objection; but let them beware how they interfere with the privileges of others, by forcing this duty upon them. By a reduction of the fines now imposed to a proper equivalent value, (not exceeding one cent in lieu of personal service,) the impressions complained of would cease, and the conscientious, whether those engaged in the performance or in the neglect of militia duty, would be alike left at their liberty. This is the for which we contend on the score of privilege, and by virtue of constitutional privileges too, and the clearly defined right of bearing or forbearing arms as may be convenient; allowing to the State the full equivalent for every non-combatant, which I am prepared to show cannot exceed *one cent* in value; because not one cent is ever *gained* to the State by the present organized system; but, on the contrary, incalculable losses and impositions, a thousand fold more dangerous to the common weal than any real or supposed advantages resulting from it.

I have already asserted, without fear of contradiction, that no account is ever rendered to government of the thousands of dollars annually extorted from delinquents. * * * * This fact, which affords prominent evidence of the nature of this iniquitous system, is conclusively the best argument against the responsibility and morality of those to whom the very sinews of the system are confided. Take away the motives to corruption and intrigue, and the militia system must necessarily fall. It is annihilated for want of materials and proper aliment to feed and clothe its firmest supporters!

If we examine the subject with a little attention, we shall be forcibly struck with the utter worthlessness of a system which appears to have been framed exclusively with the view to impose evils on society. Its deleterious effects are not limited to the conscientious, or to those only who are forced to pay the "equivalent;" but is more obviously sustained by those who yield their personal obedience to the exercise of this constitutional but oppressive imposition. The industrious citizen who becomes obnoxious to this lazy privilege, so solemnly guaranteed in the name of "a right to bear arms," is not it seems the only sufferer. Nay, he can better afford to pay the "equivalent" by withholding than by rendering personal service; and actually saves by his neglect, while the citizen on duty spends more than the balance between them. The militia-man performs the required service, and nominally saves his fine; but actually spends more than the amount in cash, independent of his time. The thrifty exempt, by due attention to business in the interim, makes as much as enables him to pay the equivalent without further loss, or any of the usual appendages of a muster; justly to be deprecated in the fatigue, exposure and excesses to which his tour of duty is a prelude, and an invariable accompaniment.—The neglect to comply with the laws is, we see, the least injurious to both purse and character, while its observance always imposes privations, and tends to destroy his moral habits. The impolicy of such measures is obvious; and no wise and provident legislature would sanction laws apparently made to encourage vice and immorality, and whose only tendency is the demoralization of the citizens. But admitting the most that can be made of the operation of these laws, what is the amount of advantage gained to the State? Are the citizens better acquainted with the art of war, and the method of defending themselves and the State? Would they make the better soldiers or more loyal defenders in case of an attack? I answer no, by no means. It cannot be denied that the training of the militia does not afford that needful knowledge requisite to constitute the soldier. These are not made of the honest yeomanry of the country drilled upon occasion at long intervals. The artizan and mechanic of our towns and villages are not the men most fitted to compose an army. Its homogeneous ingredients are of a quite different cast. An army is made up of those only whom the militia system has contributed to debase;—the mere offscourings of society, whose services in defence of the State must be bought at a degrading price, for which the pretended "right to bear arms" is not, and never will be a just equivalent.

The habit of intemperance, which has, to an alarming extent, swept its desolating influences over the land, is nourished and supported in the very bosom of the Militia System. The congregation of all ranks of the citizens at a Tavern—that *Pandora's box*, from whence a thousand vices are let loose upon society, is the general rendezvous of the Militia. The influence of evil example, and the contagion of the bar-room, is destructive of good principles. He who comes to a militia muster, and returns uncontaminated, is indeed a hero: but of that kind who will never signalize himself in the service of the State. From what has been said, we may conclude that the system is altogether *a farce*, which serves only to amuse the people, while their pockets are picked: and I do maintain, that no Government can be just, or considered as firmly established, while such farces are permitted by its authority. Take away from the Militia System the power of exacting an equivalent, as now enforced by law, or reduce that equivalent to a non-entity, it will still have all its constitutional rights, to the full extent contemplated by the worthy framers of our excellent constitution. There needs but little argument in so plain a case; and, therefore, I forbear to press it, with the force of which it is susceptible. I cannot, however, yield to the Militia, the advantages which a monopoly of privilege gives it over the liberty and property of the citizen. The power of extorting money as an equivalent, under colour of law, is in reality a solecism not reconcilable with our notions of public justice. If the act of war is at all necessary to be acquired—and the welfare and safety of the State depends upon the acquisition—why allow an equivalent in money? Yes, indeed, estimating the "welfare and safety" of the state at a very low rate, when *Dollars and Cents* are placed in competition with them. Can the payment of a fine, compensate for the neglect of so obvious a duty, in which the right of bearing arms is constitutionally provided? Certainly not! The flimsy pretences alleged heretofore, in support of the system, will not hide its rottenness!—and, therefore, I conceive the continuance of that system is, (to make the best of it) *worse than useless*. It can subserve no other purpose than to create a monopoly of power and privilege, by subjecting the purse strings of one class of citizens to the keeping of another class, who have no other right than the *assumed* power, and the disposition to use it. I contend that this is an imposition never contemplated in the Constitution, and for which there is no provision whatever. It would be as constitutional for one religious sect to claim exclusive establishment, and extort support from the rest! The principle is the same, and the change of materials cannot alter the nature of it. We see the dangerous ascendency of military authority, and the power of imposing its pretensions confided to a few individuals, who are never known among the conscientious, the moral part of the community! We see them exacting their demands, and securing them also, by seizing the effects of the citizens frequently to a much greater amount than the demand. Nay, where personal effects cannot be obtained, they have never scrupled to wreak their vengeance for the disappointment, by imprisoning the debtor: for the Militia is never known to relinquish its claim, and is on this account an unconscionable creditor! The poor, but honest citizen, is liable to be immured in prison, upon a plea of debt to the *State*, which yet never can derive any benefit from its payment, nor sustain any loss by the neglect. But we are authoritatively told of the expenses of the Establishment, and the necessity for disbursement; which is, in fact, only saying, that the Brigade inspector cannot live upon his salary of *Forty Dollars* per annum, and pay incidental expenses. He must, therefore, make his demand in the name of the Commonwealth, *traducing its honour to pursue his claim*, until it is safely cash'd in his pocket—i. e. plated to the amazing fund of incidental expenses!!

This is the centre, the invariable point, to which the Militia System tends—and to sustain which, the authority of law is made shamelessly subservient. Destroy this power, and you at once annihilate the ambition and patriotism of Militia Officers, and place them upon their proper constitutional ground, in common with the rest of the citizens. The experiment may be tried, without risking the rights of those who desire to enjoy the privilege of bearing arms; and, for the security of this right, they will have also the Constitutional prerogative.

Communication.

DAMON & PYTHIAS.

Forrest's Benefit.—To withhold from merit, the tribute to which deserved applause is rather just, inasmuch, as opinion forms the common impulse of the human heart. It is nothing more or less than silent censure. This is especially the case, as relates to those aspirants to public favor and scenic renown, who profess "to hold the mirror up to nature," as setting the possession of Shakspeare's genius the true test of the same. Without further expatiation in justification of the encomium, we assert, that on Monday Evening last, Mr. Forrest, the no-meritorious and distinguished son of Melpomene, took his benefit at the splendid and fashionable Theatre in Arch Street. It was the last night of his engagement there, for the present.

When the city clock struck 6, crowds were pressing into the House. At half past 6, when we, with difficulty obtained an Orchestra seat, affording the completest view of the House, we were amazed and delighted at the cheerful prospect. Pit, Boxes, and Gallery at that early hour, were thronged, almost to excess. The heads of anxious visitants appeared, for above that, in all the ranges of Fore and in Fop galleries, sitting, standing, and peeping through the lint doors from the lobbies. Hundreds were thus contented patiently to remain standing within sight, or even hearing in the various parts of this spacious and commodious Theatre.

To the vast assemblage, who enjoyed both senses, the treat was one of intense interest throughout the evening's performance; our city has witnessed nothing like it, since the days of the celebrated Cook.

The scene was enlivened, and eminently heightened by the extraordinary number of ladies who graced the Boxes with their welcome presence. Youth and Beauty, were seen arrayed in all their native loveliness. Taste and Fashion lent their feeble aid to ornament the fair. The Ladies almost filled the first and second seats of the two tiers of Boxes, a circumstance as unusual as it may be true, as the prospect of such vast a concourse assembled to honor and to benefit our worthy native citizen.

It is conjectured the audience amounted to near 3,000 persons. Hundreds could not obtain admittance. Not long after the curtain arose, the lobbies and coffee rooms were the only places of refuge. None could regret attendance. All were astonished and occasionally electrified in Impassioned scenes, with the amazing display of the Hero's histrionic powers.

Let it be remembered, too, that he has not yet attained his 25th year. His person is well formed, noble and commanding. His voice powerful and flexible. His face and features manly, and altogether, excellent, and he eminently possesses the requisite talent of every votary of Melpomene, to display at will the strong emotions of an excited soul, ready alive to private wrongs or danger to the liberty of his country. Such was the sensation this night. The impression will be durable as life. It is impossible ever to forget Cook. Kean, (reader forgive our dad rank) we never could admire.

Forrest often elicited simultaneous and almost involuntary peals of applause, that made the welkin ring. It was nature herself, appealing to our noblest attributes.

Of the representative of Dymidocians the tyrant, as we have nothing good to say, we will on this occasion be silent as to deserts and name. Rien de tout, de toutes les noires.

When the green curtain dropped, the universal call for the favorite was tremendous. He responded to the call, and appeared for a few moments assisted with emotions of a grateful heart. He then modestly and briefly addressed the audience to the following effect, as our recollection serves us.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—The wreath with which your condescension and too partial kindness has this night adorned my brow, I shall preserve on memory's tablet to the latest period of my life. I feel inexpressibly proud that my zealous exertions of feeble talent in my profession, has met your cordial approbation. As it was my highest ambition to merit your favor, so am I equally sensible, the honors and patronage you bestow on me, far exceed my humble and unpretending deserts.

I shall shortly have the happiness again to appear before you, in an American Tragedy called *Metamora*, founded on events in our country's history, amongst the aborigenals. It was recently written by John Augustus Stone, Esquire, of Boston, who received the premium of $300, offered for the best home production of that character. I feel confident your liberality will in the same spirit exceed to the fostering of American genius and productions a portion of that patronage which you have so bountifully heaped upon me.

He retired amidst rapturous roars of applause.

We feel it a duty not to close this article without a word as respects the worthy manager, Mr. Aaron Phillips. His efforts to please are indefatigable and untiring. His exertions have hitherto been very great, but nothing daunted, he has proceeded in the arduous tenor of his liberal course, to cater for the public taste, and provide the best entertainments to be any where obtained. In so doing he has reposed his trust and confidence to a grateful and discerning public, who would sooner or later enable him not only to redeem his former losses, but bountifully replenish his coffers. We feel a confident assurance his expectations will not only be met by a just appreciation of his worth, but exceeded by a rich and meritorious reward. M.

City Commissioners' Office, Nov. 12, 1829.

To the President and Members of the Select and Common Councils.

Gentlemen—By a statement rendered to the Mayor yesterday by the City Treasurer, it appears that the following appropriations are overdrawn to the amount designated:

No. 1. New Paving,	$4,447 61
2. Docks and Sewers,	159 44
5. Lighting and Watching,	3,383 91
9. Expenses of Offices,	29 37
11. Incidental Expenses, &c.	7 74
13. Re-paving, &c.	1,481 66
21. Expenses authorized by Councils,	2,920 46
Making altogether overdrawn,	$10,437 70

By order of the Commissioners,
JOHN NORVELL, City Clerk.

Abont 7 o'clock on Thursday evening, two women passing down the market, observed signs of fire in the dry goods store of Messrs. HORNER and SHAXE, the third house above Third street, on the north side of Market. They gave the alarm and a number of citizens with the Firemen generally, hastened to the spot. The place is not easily accessible except from Market street; and the fire, before the discovery, had made such progress that it was impossible, by an effort, to save any thing on the premises. The interior of the store was utterly destroyed; and the remnant of a valuable stock lies scorched, soaked and smoked, so as to be entirely worthless. The goods were insured to the amount of eighteen thousand dollars; and this sum, we understand, is considered sufficient to cover the loss. Serious inconvenience, however, must arise from the loss of the books, which, except a part of the ledger, have been either consumed or rendered illegible.

About three o'clock, on Monday afternoon, William Harrison, a respectable young man, employed in the store of Messrs. Burgin, Wood, and Pearsall, in Third street between Market and Arch, was sent, on business, to the warehouse of the concern in Bread street. In about half an hour, Mr. Burgin, fearing, from his long stay, that some accident had happened, sent a man to look for him, who returned, reporting that the youth had gone away. After some time another messenger was sent. He found young Harrison, after some enquiry, in a house near the ware-room, very severely hurt; his collar-bone bruised, and his head seriously injured. Blood had been discharged from the nose and ears. His conversation was incoherent; but it appeared that he had fallen, he could not tell how, through a hatch-way in the floor of the second story, and had dragged himself into the house of a neighbour, where every attention had been paid him.

Last Tuesday night, a store in Third, first above the Presbyterian Church, was entered by a thief, who, passing up the yard between the store and the church, had possessed himself of some carpenter's tools, lying in a workshop at the back of the yard. With these he forced the store door. He went into the second story, cut a hole in the floor near the wall, and let himself down, feet foremost, expecting to land on a desk, immediately above which he had opened the passage. While hanging by the hands, it is supposed, a large and faithful dog, kept as a guard in the store room below, snapped at his feet, and he found it necessary to draw himself up again and decamp without plunder. The beast that drove off the rogue was not, like the speaking dog of the Dumfries Courier, able to tell his own story; but, from foot marks on the wall near the desk, and the traces of hands on the dusty floor near the hole, the circumstances are concluded to have occurred as related.

Yesterday morning, between seven and eight o'clock, as a young man was passing along Broad Street, between Filbert and Arch, his attention was attracted by seeing a blanket carefully wrapped up, lying in an alley leading east from Broad Street. Upon examining it, it was found to contain a *living male infant*, apparently about two days old, together with some child's clothing, and a letter enclosing a five dollar note, and promising the finder (whoever it might be) a further supply at a future period. The child was taken to the house of Mr. Hamilton, in Arch, a few doors below Broad, where it still remains.—*Aurora.*

About twelve o'clock, on Sunday night, a select party were drinking at a tavern, somewhere near the corner of Water and Arch streets: one of them pushed another against a table, overset the table, and broke the glasses. The landlord required payment for the articles destroyed. The customer refused, and a scuffle followed, in which one stabbed the other, with a chisel, in the arm, the face, and the back. The wounded man is not like to die; and, as soon as he gets well, will probably be ready for another frolic of the same sort.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

There were 72 deaths in Philadelphia during the past week—45 were of adults, and 27 children, 13 of which were under one year of age.

It is stated in a morning paper that the south eastern door of Christ Church was forced open by some villains last Saturday night, who stole the keys of the vestry room and library. Their object undoubtedly was the rich plate of the church, which is always kept, when not in use, at the house of one of the wardens.

Combination 15 27 57, a prize of $4010—and 1 15 25, a prize of $1000 in the Union Canal Lottery, were both sold by N. Canfield and Co. No. 22 South Third street, to two gentlemen of this city.

Mr. John Evans, of Kensington, Nurseryman, raised this season a Turnip, measuring twenty-six inches in circumference, and weighing five pounds—he also raised a beet in the same ground, measuring twenty-two inches in circumference, and weighing 7 1-2 pounds. The above were raised in ground which had been dug two spits deep and well manured.

Two women wrangling in a magistrate's office up town—"Thank heaven," said one, "I never had but three husbands." "And if I had five," said the other, "I never had more than one at a time."

After a week of such variety as our charming climate usually blesses us with in the fall, we had ice again yesterday morning—the thermometer a little below the freezing point. There is some consolation in learning, from the Watertown Register of the 14th, that snow, eighteen inches deep, had fallen in that vicinity.

Sloman and Finn were at the dinner given to Mr. Brown; and all the company were glad that they had been invited.

The Susquehannah Emporium says that arks pass freely through the Shamokin sluice; but that rafts are generally broken; adding, "we hear that it is to be closed, and the floor extended."

A head of cabbage, raised on Mr. Wm. Levers' farm, at Burlington, New Jersey, is to be seen at Mr. Nathaniel Walker's, No. 12, Chesnut street, measuring as follows: 15 feet 9 inches in circumference, 5 feet 3 inches in diameter, weighing 41 1-2 lbs.

Governor Vroom, of New Jersey, has issued a proclamation, appointing Thursday, the 10th of December next, a day of public thanksgiving and prayer in that commonwealth.

The Sussex, Mass. Register, says:—"On Saturday morning last, the ground in this vicinity was covered about an inch deep with the sign of winter. It was not sufficient for sleighing, but would be called by a hunter a good tracking snow."

The number of students which have entered Yale College the present term evinces its continued prosperity. Above one hundred have entered the Freshman Class. The aggregate will be larger than usual, and it has been for many years greater than that of any similar institution in the country.

The whole number of students at Amherst College is 207. There is one student from Zante, one from Scio, one from Thessaly, and one from Smyrna. There are some students from the southern and middle states, but the classes are chiefly composed of young gentlemen belonging to New England.

It is stated in the New Orleans Argus that a special committee was some time since appointed to examine the accounts of the Inspector and Collector of the tax on grog shops. This committee have made considerable progress, and discovered a deficit amounting to upwards of *ten thousand dollars*.

The whole population of Turkey, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, is 23,650,000 souls. The annual revenue is only 2,900,000*l.* sterling. Expenditures 270,000*l.* The national debt is between seven and eight millions.

Some residents in the south part of Worcester county, Mass. may take a Thanksgiving dinner on the same day in the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, if so inclined, without travelling more than three miles.

Deacon Wilson Rawson, of Squam, has this season raised an English turnip, 3 feet in circumference, and weighing 11 3-4 lbs. closely trimmed. It has been left at the Phenix Insurance office, Nantucket, for exhibition.

We understand, says the Troy Sentinel, that the Rev. Nathan S. S. Beman, of Troy, has been unanimously elected by the Trustees of Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania, as President of that Institution.

A most unrivalled hunt took place in 6th the school district in Bridport, one day last week.—As this is a species of gaming with which we are wholly unacquainted, yet, it appears to us, that the *Mousers* must have laboured with assiduity. The number of mice caught amounted to 4,743. After counting, they were re-measured, and the result was, *five bushels and a half.*—*Vt. Standard.*

One of the Russian commanders is called Gen. Popoff. His father must have been a gunner. One of the officers of the Russian legation at Washington was named Blumanozoff, commonly called Blow my-nose-off.

The total assessments in the city of New York, for the present year, is, on real estate, $76,834,860; on personal do. $35,526,136; total, one hundred and twelve millions five hundred and twenty-six thousand and sixteen dollars. The amount of city tax for the year 1829, is $507,107 24.

In New England there is, on an average, one student in college for every 2,000 inhabitants; in the middle states, one for 4,000; and in the states south and west of Pennsylvania, one for 6,000.

Massachusetts has less than one-twentieth part of the population of the United States, and yet of the college students, one in seven are her sons—three times her fair proportion! This is much to her credit. She stands at the head of the confederacy in regard to liberal education. Indeed no other state, except Connecticut, comes near her standard.

An Ohio paper states, that in excavating the canal, near Nashport, through the ridge that divides the waters of Licking and Wahatomaka, some remains of the Mammoth have been discovered, such as tusks, grinders, and some of the smaller bones.

A patent has recently been taken out in Paris for a machine by which the smallest needle may be threaded immediately with the greatest ease. The inventor says that even a blind person can make use of it. It is called a Filifere, and costs only half a dollar.

BRITISH FORCE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The following is a statement of the British naval force in the Mediterranean:—9 sail of the line, 732 guns; 1 fifty-gun ship, 50; 4 frigates, 162; 9 sloops, 114; 1 surveying vessel, 8, 3 bombs. Total, 27 sail—1064.

FATAL EFFECT OF PASSION.—Recently, a woman in Northwich, being displeased with a little girl, her step-daughter, attempted to strike her with a brush which she had in her hand; but, instead of the meditated blow falling upon the object of her vengeance, it alighted upon the head of her own baby which she carried on her arm, and that with such violence as to cause almost instantaneous death.

Forty-five bales of cotton have been transported from North Carolina to Norfolk through the Dismal Swamp Canal. The destination of several thousand bales, the reason, is said to depend on the success of this experiment.

At Norfolk, about dusk on Wednesday night, a citizen going to his home was seized and beaten by three negroes, who left him lying almost senseless in the street.

The President of the United States has officially recognised THOMAS JOSEPH BYRNARD, as Vice Consul of his Holiness, the Pope, for the city of Baltimore.

At the sale of pews at Trinity Church, Boston, 55 were sold for about $28,000; bid for a choice, $2,000—making about $30,000. A number remain unsold.

A reward of $500 is offered in the Boston papers, for the recovery of four thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, stolen from a person in the bar room of the Suffolk hotel, in that city, on Thursday last.

An action for a breach of promise of marriage, was tried last Wednesday in New Castle, Del. The Delaware Journal mentions it as a fact, that this was the first action of the sort ever tried in that County. The plaintiff sustained a good character: She was described as modest and virtuous. The Jury returned a verdict of one hundred and sixty-four dollars, for the plaintiff.

Benton Bartlett was tried last week in the Supreme Judicial Court, at Providence, R. I. on a charge of having set fire to a factory in the village of Woonsocket, which was destroyed.—The trial lasted two days and a half, when the jury after retiring half an hour, returned a verdict of guilty. The penalty affixed to this offence in the state of Rhode Island, is imprisonment, fine, crop, brand, and to place the convict in the pillory.

C'en est fait—il est mort.—We learn that poor Patch made his last jump on Friday last, from the Genesee Falls. He struck the water obliquely, and was taken out dead.

In the Virginia Convention, on the 14th inst. a motion in favour of the mixed basis of representation, white population and taxation combined, instead of white population only, was defeated, in committee, by the casting vote of the Chairman, Mr. Powell; one member only being absent.

The interments in New York, last week, amounted to 83—of whom there were 20 men, 10 women, 25 boys, and 18 girls; 33 under five years of age.

The schr. Ann and Margaret, from Quebec to Halifax, was recently lost a little to the northwest of Herring Cove. Of 19 persons on board, 13 were drowned—among them, Alexander Ross, merchant of Halifax, W. McKenzie, of do. Mrs. Davis, of Quebec, three other women and four children.

Mr. Randolph spoke in the Virginia Convention, on the 14th. His speech is said to have been a fine specimen of his peculiar style; but the papers which we have received give only the substance of his remarks, in which every thing interesting is lost. If we come across a good report, our readers shall have it.

A writer, in the Charleston Mercury of November 12th, represents a great portion of the inhabitants of that city as suffering from the want of water to drink.

Peach trees were in blossom at Savannah, on the 11th instant.

By an assay made at our Mint, the silver ruble of Russia is found to be equal to seventy-five cents, at which rate all duties are calculated by our Custom-House.

Our Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, Louis M'Lane, Esq. had his first audience of the King to deliver his credentials, at Windsor Castle, on the 12th ultimo. He was introduced by the Earl of Aberdeen, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and conducted by Sir Robert Chester, Knight, Master of the Ceremonies.

General Scott has acquiesced in the decisions made against him as to precedence over Generals Macomb and Gaines, and has reported for duty.

A tavernor in North Adams, Mass. recently raised a hue and cry for a stolen horse, and waked the printer of the Berkshire American from a sound sleep, to print handbills for him. The pursuit was hot in various directions, and one honest pedlar was overhauled. With the dust of forty miles upon him, the weary man returned home, where the first object he saw was his stolen horse, in his own pasture. So did the butcher fret for his knife, and found it in his mouth.

The steam boats De Witt Clinton, and Victory, were sold at New York, on Tuesday, the former for 17,750, the latter for 5000 dollars.—These boats are said to have cost about 100,000 dollars. The engine of the Victory cost upwards of $10,000.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in specie, was taken from New York to Albany in the steam boat Ohio last Sunday, destined for Canada.

We learn, says the Baltimore Chronicle, that about 17 1-2 miles from this city, directly on the bed of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, an inexhaustible bed of limestone has been cut through. Its existence had been long known, but as there were no roads leading to any market from it, it has hitherto remained unproductive.

The Ohio River was about nine feet above low water mark at Wheeling, on Saturday last. At Cincinnati on the 10th, it was fifteen feet above low water mark.

The Liverpool Chronicle of the 17th ult. contains the result of a trial of the Locomotive Carriage, on a dead level, which was propelled by steam, without a load, 7 miles in 14 minutes, being at the rate of 30 miles an hour. The progress of this machine when, fully loaded, was at the rate of 13 miles an hour.

On Saturday last, the family of James R. Lawrence, Esq. of Camillus, Onondago county, N. Y. including himself and nine other individuals, were seized with a sudden and violent illness, occasioned by eating, as was supposed, white lead in their bread. For many hours all hopes of their recovery were surrendered. On Monday, we understood that all but two of the small children were out of immediate danger.

The sum of $4,300, stolen from the bar room of the Suffolk Hotel, at Boston, has been found. It was hidden on the premises. The thief had not been discovered.

The king of Spain, with awful solemnity, proclaims it to his adoring subjects, that he is about to take Maria Cristina de Bourbon, "daughter of the very exalted and powerful king of the two Sicilies," to his bed and board—in the hopes of begetting a son.

COAL.—The glass house of Messrs. Wheat and Ritchie, at Wheeling, Va. is in successful operation, doing a large business, and making glass of the first quality. The location of these works is at the side of a coal bank, and their fuel costs only one cent per bushel.

Louisville, Ky. is rapidly increasing in population. Its inhabitants have been doubled in the last eight years. Manufactures are taking root there; and the happy effects of them will be extended over the whole neighborhood.

The Saturday Evening Post

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1829.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Oration from Pittsburgh is received. We are not in the habit of publishing articles of that kind, but in the present case we may depart from our usual course.

We do not recollect the Poem referred to by *Carlos*. It would be well for him to furnish another copy.

Erasmus shall be considered.

We cannot publish Charades or Enigmas, unless the Solutions are previously furnished.

Paul shall have a place.

THE PEARL.

We take shame to ourselves for not having made an earlier notice of this interesting annual. It has been lying on our table for a fortnight, and its merits are such, that it should not have been allowed to pass unregarded for a single moment.

The Pearl is intended particularly for juvenile readers. Its contents, however, may be referred to with pleasure by those who are more advanced; and, to the lover of the arts, of whatever age, it presents interesting subjects of study. The embellishments are all of them handsome, and several are very superior. We might note one or two, which particularly attracted our attention and admiration; but we prefer that each of our readers as patronize works of this description, should purchase and examine for themselves, *and form their own opinions.*

The literary execution of the work has been confided to good hands. Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hughes, and others, whose names are familiar, are among the contributors; and the productions which they have bestowed, are not unworthy their talents and reputation.

The Pearl is published by Mr. T. T. Ash, 12 Chesnut street; and *it is but justice to this gentleman* to say, that he seems to have spared no pains or expense, to make his *Annual* a valuable and acceptable present.

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

Mr. *John F. Addington* has published the 3d and 4th volumes of his poetical Dictionary; and thus completed the work. On the publication of the first vol. we took occasion to express a favourable opinion of this gentleman's fitness and abilities, and an examination of the volumes before us, has given no reason to change that opinion. The selections are in good taste, and the present compilation embraces a large number than any which has hitherto been published.

They who are fond of poetry, and have not the time or opportunity to examine the entire works of the British masters in that art, will find in this work the rarest and most valuable passages, systematically arranged, in alphabetical order; and to the student it will prove a most acceptable reference.

It is for sale by Mr. John Grigg, Fourth above Market street.

The Democratic Press and Pennsylvania Inquirer, daily newspapers of this city, have been united, under the latter title. Mr. Jasper Harding, who has purchased the interests of the former proprietors, intends bestowing considerable pains upon the new paper, which will be published in the afternoon, daily.

The Aurora advertises for a partner.

West's great painting of Christ Rejected—one of those master pieces which encouraged the President of the Royal Academy at London to pronounce our illustrious countryman superior to any of those painters who have flourished since the time of the Caracci—is now exhibited at New York, under the superintendence of one of the sons of Mr. West. We rejoice to observe that *this picture attracts the attention, generally*, of our countrymen in the *sister-city*: and that a degree of enthusiasm has been awakened, scarcely inferior to that excited here, some years since, by the arrival of that noble production of art, bestowed by the same gifted man on one of our most useful institutions, which even yet draws the attention, and arouses the admiration of every tasteful visitor of our city. Our friends, we are sure, will thank us for a description of the Christ Rejected, copied from the New York Morning Herald:—"On the left, on an elevated position stands the Saviour, crowned with thorns, and partly covered with the purple, which was meant, by his persecutors, as a mock emblem of his title of King of the Jews. His hands are bound, his eyes cast down, and his face expressive of the meekness and forbearance of his divine character. The upper part of the body is naked, and the whiteness yet natural color of the skin, the delicate contour of the limbs, and the quietness of every muscle, give a character of gentleness to the whole figure which renders it a pleasing object of melancholy contemplation. Next to our Saviour stands Pontius Pilate in an attitude of appeal to Caiphas, the High Priest. Pilate's face and figure are peculiarly Roman, and his countenance seems to indicate his sympathy for the innocent sufferer. Caiphas is the centre figure of the painting. He is clothed in the sacerdotal robes of his office. His figure and manner are in the highest degree imposing. His head is elevated, and his arms and hands extended, as if in the act of violent declamation. The face is expressive of fury, fanaticism, and malignity, and we read in its contortions the malevolence of his heart, and the fate of his foredoomed victim. Between Caiphas and the groups on the extreme right are seen many of the followers of Jesus, among whom we discover Joseph of Arimathea, and Peter, bewailing his treachery to his master. The groups on the right exhibite the ruffian Barrabas, in anatomical delineation and ferocity of countenance, the most perfect contrast to the meek sufferer on the left. His rude muscular proportions and fierce expression, mark the figure with a strength and distinctness, which would arrest the least practised eye. Beneath this groupe stand the holy women who followed the Saviour with all the warmth of pious devotion, and female tenderness. The figure of Mary is conspicuous, but that of Mary Magdalen still more so. The latter is prostrate upon the cross, one hand raised in supplication, and her beautiful countenance strongly characteristic of the deep interest, the terror and sympathy with which she enters into the question to be decided by the Jew-

ish people. On the other side, at the feet of Christ, sit in sullen indifference the heartless executioners, admirably represented, without interest in the scene, or the slightest regard for the being who must fall by their hands. On all the high places of the temple, the people are seen in crowds, and by their violent gestures, we are enabled to imagine that the cry of "Crucify him!" is pealing through the air; and that the infatuated people are echoing with joyful cruelty the decree of the bloody Caiphas. There are many minor points of this picture which produce a strong effect, but we have not time at present to prolong our remarks—we will therefore conclude by recommending those who relish works of art, and can appreciate the effort of great masters, to visit Mr. Niblo's Saloon, and enjoy the pleasure which the examination of *Christ* Rejected will afford them."

The *Christ Rejected* has been pronounced by some superior to the *Healing of the Sick*—the picture in possession of the Pennsylvania Hospital. That this judgment is correct, nothing short of the testimony of our own senses will convince us. The palsied sufferer in the latter—the idiot boy—the beautiful blind girl—the sick child, so true to nature that no one who has watched over a suffering infant can point out a diversity between the image and the reality—are triumphs of genius, perfected by art, to which we can imagine nothing superior. Both these masterpieces of one whose genius has shed lustre on his country, and in whose fame we of Pennsylvania are interested even more than the rest of his countrymen, will before long, we trust, be exhibited together in Philadelphia. We shall then have an opportunity of comparing with each other the most excellent works of one who, in the judgment of all whose opinion is worth regard, cast all rivals completely into the shade.

DRAMATIC MEMS.

Mr. Forrest concluded a very successful engagement at Arch street on Monday last. His benefit fixed for that night was a real bumper.—On Thursday he played Rolla, for the benefit of Mrs. Maywood.

Mr. Finn has an engagement at this Theatre.—The high expectations formed of his comic powers, by those who were familiar with his success in the eastern cities, have been fully realised by most of those who have witnessed his performances.

At Chesnut street, Mrs. Austin and the Pearmans have several times appeared in favourite operas, to the great satisfaction of the patrons of this theatre. The Slomans are still here.

Mr. Pratt has several new pieces in preparation, some of which we understand will be brought out during the approaching holidays.—It is expected these will prove unusually attractive.

Launched, on the 3d inst. from the ship yard of Messrs. Samuel Walker & Co. Elizabeth, Allegheny Co. Pa., the steamboat CANADA.—She was built under the superintendance of Captain Vincent A. Bogue, and is allowed, by judges, for model and workmanship, not to be excelled by any boat of her class on the western waters. The engine is built by the Columbian steam engine Co. She is intended to run from Pascagoula to New Orleans, across Lake Ponchartrain.

FOUNTAINS.—We learn with pleasure that strong efforts will be used by the present Councils to introduce tasteful fountains in one or more of our public squares. There is no improvement which we more ardently desire to see introduced into this city, against which no reasonable objection can be urged. The Schuylkill may be turned into the city at almost no increase of expense; the working of the wheels including attendance, does not now exceed four dollars a day, and should the present population of the suburbs, and all included be doubled, we learn from a member of the watering committee, that there would be water enough, and to spare.—Should the present Councils introduce this improvement of fountains, they will be remembered by posterity.—*Sat. Bulletin.*

PEACE IN EUROPE.

The packet NEW YORK, Captain BENNETT, arrived at NEW YORK from LIVERPOOL, has brought us full files of LONDON papers to the 16th of October. Among our extracts will be found the treaty of peace, which was published at LONDON on the 13th. The LIVERPOOL CHRONICLE gives a correct summary of its terms in the following abstract:—"It consists of sixteen articles, by the last of which the treaty is to be ratified within six weeks, and is signed by Count Diebitsch, Count Orloff, and Count Pahlen. Moldavia and Wallachia, Adrianople, Silistria, the whole extent of the Balkan from Emine as far as Kazan, Bourgas, Sizopolis, and all the places which the Russian troops have occupied in Roumelia, are to be restored to the Porte. The Pruth, from Moldavia to the Danube, and the Danube to the mouth of St. George's, will continue to form the frontier line between the two empires. The Danube is to be navigable to the merchant vessels of the Powers, but Russian ships of war are not to go beyond the junction of the Danube with the Pruth. The line following the limit of the Gouriel, from the Black Sea as far as Imeritia, and from thence to the junction of the Akhaltzick, Kars and Georgia, including the town of Akhaltzik, and the fort of Khalinaulk, is to be the frontier of Georgia, Mingrelia, and other provinces of the Caucasus united to Russia. All the countries to the south and west of this line, together with Kars, Erzeroum, and other towns and pachalicks which have been occupied by the Russian troops, are to be under the dominion of the Porte. The privileges of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia are secured to them. The six districts detached from Servia are to be restored, and the clauses of the treaty of Ackerman, referring to Servia, are to be immediately observed by the Porte.—The 7th article claims great privileges and immunities for Russian vessels trading to Turkey, and for Russian subjects residing in the dominions of the Porte. The latter are to be under the exclusive jurisdiction and police of the Ministers and the Consuls of Russia; and the Black Sea, the Dardanelles, and the canal of Constantinople are to be open to all merchant vessels of Powers at peace with the Sublime Porte. An infraction of any of the stipulations in this article, without prompt redress, is to be taken as a declaration of hostility. By the 8th article the Porte is to pay in the course of eighteen months 1,500,000 ducats of Holland, (about £750,000) as an indemnity to Russia merchants for losses in consequence of the measures relating to the navigation of the Bosphorus, at different periods since 1806. The next article refers to the indemnity for the expenses of the war, the amount of which is fixed in a separate treaty. The Porte is to declare its entire adhesion to the treaty of July 6, 1827, concluded at London. Until the complete evacuation of the territories occupied by the Russian troops, the time for which is fixed by a separate treaty, the administration of affairs there is to be under the influence of Russia. The thirteenth article provides, that there shall be an entire indemnity for the subjects of both powers for every thing they may have done or said during the war. All prisoners of war, on both sides, are to be set free without ransom or condition, and furnished with means to reach the frontiers. All previous treaties and conventions, with the exceptions of those annulled by the present treaties, are to be carried into effect."

The LONDON TIMES gives the following as the substance of the separate treaties referred to:—"By one of them, the sums which the Porte is to pay to Russia, as indemnity for the expenses of the war, and for the losses of the Russian merchants, are assessed, the former at 10,000,000 of ducats, nearly 5,000,000*l.* sterling: the latter at 1,500,000 ducats, about 750,000*l.*,—sums which it should appear to be entirely out of the power of the Sultan to discharge. They are to be paid in instalments,—(and upon this point we shall have a remark to subjoin,)—the greater sum in ten equal annual instalments of about half a million each, and the smaller in four instalments of unequal magnitude, increasing as they go on and at smaller intervals.—Upon the payment of the first of this latter class of instalments, Adrianople is to be evacuated; on the second being paid, the Russians retreat beyond the Balkan; on the third, beyond the Danube; and when the fourth and the whole of the sum of ten millions of ducats has been discharged, they are to quit the Turkish territory altogether. By these articles it should indeed appear that Russia has in fact secured to herself the perpetual possession of the principalities, unless some extraordinary gift of Providence should enable the Sultan to raise the sum of five millions in ten years. We will, however, here just observe, that in securing indemnity to his subjects for their private losses, as the Emperor Nicholas was perhaps obliged to do by his duty, making their payment the condition of a series of retreats, he has left the public indemnity, both as to amount and times of payment, subject to the remonstrance and interposition of the Great Powers of Europe. By the other supplementary treaty the regulations for the internal government of the principalities are settled on such a footing, by giving Russia an equal voice with Turkey in the nomination of Hospodars, and depriving the Sultan of the arbitrary power of deposing them, together with other provisions in a similar spirit, that there is no danger of Russian supremacy in Moldavia and Wallachia suffering any material diminution, even if by the immediate payment of the sum demanded from Turkey, the Russian troops were obliged to pass the Pruth immediately."

The conditions imposed on TURKEY have generally more than confirmed the expectations of those who placed the strongest reliance on the good faith of Nicholas. It is remarked that the conquest retained, on the Eastern shore of the Black sea, include no important towns, and only one or two fortresses of little strength; that they seem to be valuable only as a frontier against the tribes whose wanton hostilities have frequently endangered the peace of the two empires. By a few of the LONDON and PARIS papers, this moderation is stigmatised as hypocrisy. They justify their view of the matter chiefly by reference to the amount of the indemnities, and the provisions of the seventh article. Between twenty and thirty millions of dollars are exacted; and this sum, though doubtless beyond the means of the potentate who is to pay it, is not represented as more than the RUSSIAN had good cause to demand. To all remonstrances on this head, from those who regard the preservation of the TURKISH empire as essential to the well-being of the rest of the world, the Emperor, it seems to us, might reasonably reply, that they have ample means of paying what he has a fair right to insist on. As to the privileges stipulated for RUSSIANS in TURKEY, it was hardly to be expected that, while opening the EUXINE to the nations which have hitherto submitted to exclusion, he should claim no peculiar advantages to his own people.—Our only regret is that he has not been more moderate in his moderation. When the war commenced, we expressed our wishes that the RUSSIAN arms should be successful; and we did not think proper to *rat* even at the conclusion of the first campaign, when the romances of the GERMAN journals compared the state of the RUSSIAN army to that of BONAPARTE after the burning of Moscow. All that we have since observed confirms our belief that the TURKS are more contemptible than ever; and that their vile religion effectually prohibits every thing tending to improvement. We yet hope that many, not younger than ourselves, will live to see the noblest city of the world rescued from their domination.

The LONDON COURIER, of the 15th, says:—"We stated yesterday, that until we had something more authentic before us than the republished accounts given by the French and German papers of the amount of the war indemnity granted by a separate convention to Russia, we should doubt the correctness of that amount, and the nature of the arrangements made for its payment. We understand, however, that it does not fall short of ten millions of ducats, and that the error lies in the statement that any periods were fixed for its liquidation. The whole is a matter for future discussion between the Sultan and the Emperor Nicholas. Although the good offices of the other Powers will of course continue to be interposed, it will therefore be more as a matter of friendliness, than in consequence of a regular understanding.

Last Monday evening, one of the lodgers at Yohe's Hotel, going to his chamber, and finding the door fast, went to the bar-keeper, and asked for the key. Being told that the room was not locked, he returned to try it again, and met, just at the door, a well dressed man, who apologised civilly for having blundered into the wrong room, and walked away. The lodger, on entering, found his trunk broken open, and the contents turned upside down. The lodger had been prudent enough to deposit no money there, and the visitor seemed to have despised all other plunder, as nothing was missing. The rogue is supposed to be the same who came to the same house a few evenings ago, without luggage, and bolted suddenly, on being told by the waiter that he could not be shown to a room without the consent of the landlady or bar-keeper, as none of the guests or waiters knew him.

The Legislature of the state of New Jersey adjourned on the 19th inst. to meet again in Trenton on the 1st Tuesday in January next.

Bills for a canal through the state from the Delaware to the Raritan, and for a rail road from Camden to South Amboy, have been introduced, and will be acted upon at the adjourned sitting.

The Canal bill introduced, in its essential features varies from those which have heretofore been brought forward. It contemplates the incorporation of a board of 18 commissioners with a capital of one million of dollars—one half to be subscribed by the State, and the remainder to be offered to the United States and individual subscribers: seven of the Commissioners to be appointed by the State; and the Commissioners to be vested with all necessary powers to construct a canal to connect the waters of the Delaware and Raritan, and a feeder, on such route as, with the advice of competent engineers, they may think best. The dimensions of the Canal and feeder, and indeed the details of the bill, generally, will be a subject for mature consideration when the matter comes up; and it is sincerely hoped that the measure of uniting these great navigations will now speedily be adopted.

SAM PATCH'S DEATH.

A letter to the editor of the Albany Daily Advertiser, dated Rochester, Nov. 18th, says—"SAM PATCH IS NO MORE! He made his last leap from a scaffold erected on the brink of the falls, this afternoon. The staging was elevated twenty-five feet. He sprung fearlessly from it, and descended about one-third of the distance, as handsomely as he ever did. He then evidently began to droop, his arms were extended, and his legs separated; and in this condition he struck the water and sunk forever! It was a fearful leap, and fearfully has it terminated.—The prevailing opinion is that he became lifeless ere he reached the water. He had drunk freely in the morning, but was not apparently more overcome than he was on Friday last. It was truly a solemn scene, where so many thousands were witnesses to an immolation, which had its origin only in an effort to satisfy the craving appetite of human curiosity. Sam's last request, as I understand, was that the funds collected, should be sent to his mother, if his adventure should terminate fatally. His body has not yet been found. The height of the Genesee Falls, down which he jumped, is 100 feet. The staging was 25 feet above the falls; the distance which he descended was therefore 125 feet."

A young man named James Fossire, aged about twenty one or two years old, was found dead near the house of Mr. William Wilbeck, in Stuyvesant, on Sunday morning last. The circumstances connected with his death, were briefly related to us as follows:—The deceased went out late on Saturday evening for the purpose of watering a colt. The night being very dark the animal probably took fright and threw him with such violence against a tree as to cause his death. The injury received was on his breast, the bones of which were forced inwardly. When discovered the following morning, he had, to all appearance, been dead but a very short time, and the ground near the body bore evidence that the unfortunate young man had struggled long in the agonies of death.—*Kinderhook, N. Y. Herald.*

New York, Nov. 16.

Four persons, convicted of burglary, were sentenced on Saturday to the State Prison during the term of their natural lives. One of them, a boy named Allen, stated in a letter which he addressed to the Court, that he was only fourteen years old. He appears from the reports in the morning papers to be an extraordinary instance of precocious and irreclaimable villainy. His father is in the State Prison, his mother in the Penitentiary, and his brother escaped being consigned to one or the other of these mansions, by turning State's evidence.

Charles Rucker, for an assault upon his wife, with an intent to kill, was sentenced to the State Prison for the term of seven years.

A Teller in one of the Banks made an attempt on his own life this morning, by cutting his throat. He is not supposed to be fatally wounded. The cause is not any difficulty in his ordinary business, but insanity, with which he is occasionally afflicted.

The board of health of Mobile, under date of 26th ult. report that no cases of yellow fever had appeared during the week, and that the general health of the town was good.

A Portuguese writer, who boasts to have travelled in every part of the globe, says the ladies of Cadiz are the most beautiful of any in the world.

The bill to establish a Penitentiary in Tennessee, has passed both branches of the Legislature, and become a law. The sum of $25,000 has been appropriated, as a beginning, to carry the bill into effect and commence operations.

On Thursday week, three children were killed in the township of Markham, Upper Canada. They were at play at a saw mill, when the log gave way and rolled over them. Two of the children belonged to Mr. Wilson Dennis, and the other to Mr. James Carey.

Mr. Cutler, President of the Senate of the state of Maine, has resigned his office of Postmaster, to qualify him for the duties of Governor, which devolve on him in consequence of the decease of the Governor. The constitution of Maine embraces the following section:—"No person holding any office or place under the United States or this State, or any other power shall exercise the office of Governor."

A man named James Lang, is in prison in Davison county, Tennessee, for a contempt of Court—he having refused to give testimony in a case, respecting some gambling transactions.—An attempt has been made to release him by an act of the Legislature; but it was very promptly and properly put down.

A young man was committed to the Sussex, Mass. County Jail on Friday last, for having in his possession a horse of which he could give no good account. He was on the horse, when found, but how he got there was a mystery.—He said he had been tipsy, and must have stolen the horse while in that state. Getting drunk and stealing horses is bad business to get a living by.

We understand, says the Boston Commercial Gazette of last Monday, that twelve packages of woollens were seized in this city yesterday morning, on suspicion of having been smuggled, and deposited in the Custom House Stores, to await the "searching operation" of the law.—These goods, the value of which is not yet known, are supposed to have come from Canada.

The Worcester, Mass. Ægis, is offered for sale for $5000, with a reasonable credit. If not sold by January 2, it will then be sold by the assignee to the highest bidder at public auction.

A CARD.

WATER PROOF BOOTS.

THE Subscriber is happy to inform his patron and the public in general that he has, by numerous experiments, come to the knowledge of preparing leather for boots and shoes which will entirely resist water, without any interlining, as is the practice generally of those who are said to make water proof boots; his method of thus preparing his stock of which his boots are made, will render the leather so pliable that it seldom or ever will break, except by age; the above he will warrant, and invites those who wish to have their feet dry and warm to call and satisfy themselves on the subject; no additional charge will be exacted, as he intends to make all his boots impervious to water.

THOMAS STREET, Boot Maker,
No. 108 N. Second street, 3 doors below Race st.
nov. 21—3m

BY *Mr.* THOMAN,
No. 87 CHESNUT STREET.
UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.
Pawnbroker's Sale of Clothing Only.

ON Monday morning, November 23d, at 9 o'clock, will be sold, at the auction store, No. 87 Chesnut street,

500 lots of seasonable clothing, being the largest and most extensive assortment that will be offered this season: consisting of 60 close body coats, 78 sattouts and 19 great coats, hang up and benjamins, 45 plaid and camblet cloaks, 68 new and second hand vests. Also, cloth pantaloons and roundabouts, ladies' cloth and silk coats and cloaks, merion, silk, crape, cotton, and Waterloo shawls and scarfs, 72 crape, silk and calico dresses; flannel and white petticoats; counterpanes; elegant bed spreads and quilts; bed and window curtains, blankets and rugs; linen and cotton sheets, pillow and bolster cases; 22 linen shirts, part of them of a very superior quality; muslin and check do.; table cloths and towels; a lk and cotton handkerchiefs; dress patterns; fur and cloth caps, hats, bonnets, boots and shoes; worsted and cotton stockings and gloves; cloth coat and pantaloon patterns, of blue, black, brown and mixed. Also, a good assortment of boys' and girls' clothing, &c. &c.

N. B. The above sale is recommended to dealers and persons wishing to clothe themselves for the season, as the articles are of good quality, and will positively be sold without reserve. nov. 21—1t*

FOR SALE,
A VALUABLE PLANTATION,

LATE the property of George Willing, Esq. situate on the West Chester Road, six miles from the city of Philadelphia, the 6 mile stone standing on the Premises. It contains 343 acres. There are about 220 acres of first rate Plough land, in a state of good cultivation, divided into convenient fields, all under good fence, and about 120 acres of well timbered wood land. There are two never-failing streams of water running through the Plantation. The improvements are a brick spring house, with a most excellent spring, with a plentiful flow of water in the dryest season; a large frame barn, with a stone stable adjoining, two stories high; a good tenant house, two stories high, two rooms on a floor, and a pump near the door; a large stone mansion house, two stories high, on the first floor, three rooms, and a large hall on the second floor, six bed rooms and good garrets, and a pump near the kitchen door. There are about 12 acres of good watered meadows. The Farm is allowed to be one of the best in the County.

Enquire of T. MITCHELL,
No. 98 Walnut street, between Third & Fourth sts.
nov. 21—tf

A Meeting of Mechanics and Working men generally, of the City and County of Philadelphia, is earnestly requested, at the County Court House, corner Sixth and Chesnut streets, on Monday evening, 23d inst. at 6½ o'clock, to take into consideration the propriety of adopting measures expressive of their disapprobation of the conduct of the Managers of the House of Refuge, in endeavoring to establish Mechanical branches in that Institution, to the great injury of Mechanical interests generally.

REMOVAL.

GEORGE MILNER, Carpet Manufacturer, removed from 153 North Fourth street, to No. 42 Race street, between Front and Second streets. He respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has got on hand a quantity of Domestic carpet, of a good quality, which he will sell low for cash.

N. B. All kinds of customers' carpet wove at the shortest notice, at No. 42 Race street, as above.
oct. 3—3m

LADIES' CABINET LIBRARY,
OR FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING—An elegant repository of entertaining and useful knowledge, highly embellished with sixteen splendid engravings on steel, in four parts—containing original articles from some of the most eminent writers in the United States. Elegant extracts from the best authors. Mrs. Chapone's celebrated letters to a lady on the improvement of the mind. The Wreath, a choice selection of the most admired airs and songs, the music engraved expressly for this work. A Father's Legacy to his Daughters, revised by an American Lady. Botany, and the culture of plants, fruits, and flowers, with plates colored from nature. 100 valuable receipts for the toilet table, &c. A collection of the best tales in the English language, with translations from the French, Spanish, and German. The Forget-Me-Not.

"Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To the gentle feelings and affections kept
Within the heart like gold."

Consisting of appropriate pieces in prose and verse, selected from the writings of Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Childs, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Maxzy, Mrs. Dumont, Miss Winchester, Mrs. Ware, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Opie, Miss H. Moore, Miss Porter, Miss Mitford, Miss Landon, Miss M. A. Browne, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Hemans, and other female writers of distinction, presenting specimens of the best productions of the sex. Memoirs of those who, in virtue, affection and usefulness, may be presented as models and examples to the American Fair.

With a view to its becoming a permanent standard work of unquestionable excellence, the utmost pains will be taken to give it a chaste, useful and elevated character.

It will be printed with a new nonpareil and pearl type, on a quarto page of fine letter paper, with splendid engravings, gilt edges, silk and fancy binding, rivalling in elegance and excellence the justly admired annuals, while in quantity it will considerably exceed either of those beautiful specimens of taste and genius.

Price two dollars and fifty cents. The parts seperately, seventy-five cents, payable on delivery. Copies forwarded, in flexible covers, by mail, to any part of the continent. When a remittance is made for not less than five copies, a sixth copy will be allowed gratis.

Subscriptions will be received by the principal booksellers in New York and Philadelphia, and by the subscriber, to whom all communications, post paid, must be addressed.

THOMAS SCHIEFFELIN, New York.
nov. 21—4t

ALMANACK.

1829. NOVEMBER	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
21 SATURDAY,..	7 11	4 49	10 41	
22 SUNDAY,.....	7 12	4 48	11 36	
23 MONDAY,.....	7 13	4 47	0 12	
24 TUESDAY,....	7 14	4 46	0 53	D. H. M.
25 WEDNESDAY,..	7 15	5 46	1 30	Full, 20 2 30
26 THURSDAY,...	7 15	4 45	2 10	Last, 4 8 30
27 FRIDAY,.....	7 16	4 44	2 47	New, 19 3 31

MARRIED,

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. JOHN W. SMITH, to Miss SARAH M. daughter of Mr. Andrew Anderson, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Jeremiah Clark, Mr. JOSEPH DAVIS, to Miss JANE WATTS, both of Southwark.

On the 5th inst. at Friends' Meeting, Providence, RICHARD WORRALL, of Philadelphia, to MARY ANN WILSON, of U. Providence.

On the 23d of May last, by the Rev. Mr. Watkinson, Mr. CHARLES T. TAYLOR, to Miss LOUISA R., eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Byers, all of this city.

On Tuesday morning, the 17th inst. by the Rev. Wm. T. Brantley, DANIEL M. KEIM, of Reading, to MARY LINNINGTON, daughter of Thomas Shewell, Merchant of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 12th instant, by the Rev. Wm. E. Ashton, Mr. JOHN M'GLATHERY, of this city, to Miss ISABELLA WALKER, of Southwark.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. G. R. Livingston, Mr. JOHN SHERTZER, Merchant of Anville, Lebanon County, Pa. to Miss EVE, daughter of Jonathan Herger, of this city.

On Monday evening, the 9th inst. by the Rev. Wm. L. M'Calla, Mr. JOHN WILSON, to Miss MARY ANN DAVISON, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 12th inst. by William Milnor, Esq. Mayor, Mr. JOSIAH FOSTER SHEPARD, Merchant, of this city, to Miss MARY, daughter of Captain Thomas Mendenhall, of Wilmington, Del.

On Tuesday, the 20th ult. the Hon. JOHN M'LEAN, a Senator of the United States, from the State of Illinois, to Miss ELIZA BAYLESS, daughter of William Bayless, of Union county, Ky.

In Norfolk, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Wingfield, Commodore JAMES BARRON, Commandant of the Navy Yard, at Gosport, to Miss MARY ANN WILSON, eldest daughter of Mr. John Wilson, of Portsmouth, Va.

On Thursday, the 5th of November, by the Rev. Dr. Power, in St. Peter's Church, New York, E. FORMON, Esq. of Paris, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and of the Council of State in France, to Miss LOUISA ANTOINETTE, daughter of Vincent Boisbaun, Esq. of Morristown, N. Y.

At Easton, N. J. on Tuesday evening, 10th inst. by the Rev. Ethan Osborn, Mr. EPHRAIM FITHIAN, Jr. to Miss SUSANNA BENNETT, both of the above place.

In Otwell, Otsego County, N. Y. by John Reynolds, Esq. on the 11th inst. Mr. ALANSON STRONG, to Miss CYNTHIA THOMPSON.

At Baltimore, on Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Wyatt, Dr. CASPAR MORRIS, of Philadelphia, to ANN, daughter of Mr. James Cheston, of this city.

On the 22d of July last, at the Island of Tinos, in the Archipelago, the Rev. JONAS KING, one of the American agent in Greece, to Miss ANN ASPASIA MENGUS, a Greek lady of Smyrna. A letter from Smyrna says—"This event will fix Mr. King in Greece, where he has had a most favourable introduction to both rulers and people, and has a wide field of usefulness open before him."

DIED,

On Fourth day, 18th inst. at his farm, in Gloucester County, New Jersey, GEORGE BRUNNER, Sen. in the 74th year of his age, formerly of this city.

On Wednesday, at his residence in Kingsessing, ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

On Wednesday morning, the 18th inst. after a lingering illness, RACHEL, wife of John Linerd, in the 54th year of her age.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. JOHN NORTH, aged 78 years.

On the morning of the 17th instant, Mr. WILLIAM RUPP, in the 70th year of his age.

On Saturday, 7th inst. of a lingering illness, Mrs. MARGARET MAXFIELD, consort of Mr. Thomas Maxfield, and eldest daughter of Mr. E. M. Tenuery, in the 42d year of her age.

On Sunday, 15th inst. of a lingering illness, Mrs. JANE BONNELL, wife of Wm. Bonnell, in the 50th year of her age.

On Sunday, 15th inst. ANN DOLAND, wife of John Doland.

On Monday evening, the 16th inst. Mr. JOHN RENEY, carter, aged 46 years.

On Monday morning, WILLIAM, son of William M. Alberger, in the 6th year of his age.

At New York, on Sunday, the 10th inst. HENRY PROBASCO, Esq. in the 45th year of his age, late of this city.

In Orwell, on the 5th inst. Mrs. STEWELL, the wife of Mr. Samuel Stewell, formerly of Connecticut.

At Paris, on the 7th of October, M. SELIGMAN MICHAL, Grand Rabbi of the Israelite persuasion, at the age of 95 years. All the Israelite population of the capital followed his funeral to the cemetry of Father La Chaise. M. Deutz, the Grand Rabbi of the Central Consistory, pronounced his funeral oration on the tomb, in praise of the eminent qualities of the deceased.

At Burlington, Conn. on Wednesday, the 11th inst. Mr. NORMAN HUMPHREY, aged 48 years. Mr. H. had just entered the grinding department of his axe manufactory, and was engaged with some part of the machinery, when, it is supposed, his great coat got entangled, and instantly his arm, shoulder, and head, were drawn between the cogs of the main wheel and there connected with the grindstone. Although the gate was closed immediately, such was the impetus of the machinery, that he was carried a considerable number of times by the evolutions of the wheel before he could be extricated. On liberating him, his head was found to be literally ground in pieces. No signs of life were manifested.

TEESE & CO.

INFORM the public that they have taken out of the spacious store No. 55 and 57 in the Arcade, and that they intend to keep HATS made of the best materials and workmanship that can be obtained, and that they intend to sell their ware lower than any other Hat Store in this city. The difference in the rent between our store and the other Hat stores in this city, will enable us to sell our Hats from $1 to 1 50, lower than the other Hat Stores. Some of the Hat Stores in this city are paying 12, 13 and 16 hundred dollars rent, and we get our store for one hundred; and if our work does not wear as we say it will, we will make any deduction required.—We are determined to establish our store in the Arcade, if it can be done by good work and low prices. We invite the public to call and examine our work. We intend to pay particular attention to the latest fashions; and have now in store hats of every quality of the latest Philadelphia, New York and London fashions, which are ready for sale.

Hats of every shape and quality can be made at the shortest notice, as we manufacture our hats in this city. The highest price given for old hats in exchange for new ones, (economy is wealth.) All who wish to save a dollar on the purchase of a new Hat, will please to call as above. nov. 21—3m

Slates for Roofing and Battlement Walls.

THE Subscriber has on hand, at his SLATE YARD, in SIXTH, above Noble street, a large assortment of select Welsh Slates, about seven hundred tons, viz: from 8 by 12 inches to 24 by 36 inches, &c.—Also, a quantity of large Slates, imported expressly for schools—all of which is offered for sale at reasonable rates.

Those gentlemen who wish their buildings slated, or their old or new battlement walls covered with slates, will please to call on JOHN R. GRIFFITHS, adjoining the Slate Yard. nov. 21—3t*

White Italian Mulberry Trees.

THE subscriber has for sale 60,000 White Italian Mulberry Trees, from 6 inches to 2 feet high; those of 6 inches, at $5 per 1000—and larger growth, up to $25, according to size, with an extensive collection of Fruit and Forest Trees. His best endeavours will be used to render satisfaction to purchasers.

Letters addressed to the Kensington Post Office, will meet prompt attention, and orders for exportation will be put up with the greatest care and despatch.

JOHN EVANS, Nurseryman,
Master street, near New Front, Kensington.
nov. 21—4t*

Paper Making Machines.

TWO Paper Makers. The subscriber (in company with a gentleman lately from Europe,) has commenced, and will undertake to erect Machines, (either of the cylinder or shaking kinds, similar to those in operation at Saugerties, state of New York,) for making paper on the most reasonable terms, and of the best materials and workmanship. Letters, postage paid, addressed to the Darby Post Office, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, will be attended to. References, Mr. James Ronaldson, Cedar street, Judah Dobson, Chesnut street, Philadelphia, or Mr. Robert Carter, Little Elk Creek, Cecil County, Maryland. WILLIAM LUNGREN.
nov. 21—3t*

R. Manly & Co. 104 South Street,

OFFER to their country customers, Lottery Tickets in all duly authorised Lotteries, ten per cent. cheaper than any other office in the city. That is to say:—10 Dollar tickets, at 9—5 do. do. 4 50—4 do. do. 3 50—which is a reduction of 12½ per cent.

All our country friends, inclosing cash, will be served the same as if present, and the choicest Numbers picked out for them.

MANLY & CO. deal more extensively with country people than any other office, because he sells cheaper, and good fair Prizes, viz:—Nos. 35 27 48, quarter, $10,000, to a gentleman in Chester county. Nos. 15 31 34, half, $10,000, to a lady in Delaware county. Nos. 10 28 40, quarter, $6,000, to a person in Montgomery county. Nos. 6 9 35, quarter, $2,000, to a coloured man, in Radnor, Delaware county, Pa.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY, of Pennsylvania. Class No. 14, for 1829, draws in this city on Thursday, 17th December, 1829—60 Number Lottery, 9 Drawn Ballots.

SCHEME.

1 prize of	$30,000	10 prizes of	$500
2	10,000	10	400
2	5000	10	300
1	4210	28	200
10	1000	51	100
10	600	&c. &c.	

Tickets $10. We sell them at $9. nov. 21—tf

N. CANFIELD & CO'S.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY OFFICE, No. 22 South Third street, directly opposite Congress Hall. Drawing of the 13th Class Union Canal Lottery:

19 28 44 37 1 15 25 27 57.

Combination 15 27 57, capital prize of $4210
1 15 25 1000

Both sold by N. CANFIELD & CO. on Friday last.—The next Grand Union Canal Lottery drawn on Thursday, the 17th of Dec.

SPENDID SCHEME.

1 of	$35,000	10 of	$500
2	10,000	10	400
2	6000	10	300
1	4210	28	200
10	1000	51	100
10	600		

And many other valuable prizes.

Price of Tickets only $10, halves 5; quarters 2 50; eighths 1 25, for sale in every variety of numbers at

N. CANFIELD & CO'S.
No. 22 South Third street.

Orders from the country promptly attended to, if addressed to N. Canfield & Co. Philadelphia.

N. C. & Co. sold, a short time since—

38 41 44,	$40,000
15 18 42,	6,000
21 23 29,	2,000
18 36 55,	2,000
17 19 35,	2,101
41 44 50,	2,000
6 7 44,	1,830
2 45 52,	1,260

And many of $1,000, 500, 300, 200, &c.
nov. 21—3t

Baker's Intelligence Office,

Established in May, 1811.

NO. 3 Franklin Place, Procures Houses and Parts, Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers, Gardeners, Coachmen, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Grooms, Bar Keepers, Ostlers, Porters, House Keepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Child's Maids, Men and Women Cooks, Travelling Men and Women, Dairy Maids, Bound Children and Bought servants.

For sale, the time of a good coloured Girl, 18 years old, and 10 to serve.

Persons having Real Estate to sell or let, will find it to their interest to enter it gratis. nov. 21—4t*

JUST PUBLISHED,
THE CASKET FOR NOV. 1829.

EMBELLISHED with a beautiful Engraving of DIDO AND ANNE, from Guerin's celebrated painting of Eneas relating to Dido, the fall of Troy—Views of *Washington's Mansion*, Mount Vernon, and the *Philadelphia Bank*—and Music.

Contents.—Description of the Engraving; The Hazlewood Family, a Prize Essay; The Captain's Lady; Mahmoud 2d; The Gladiator; An Every Day Character; Biography of General A. Wayne; Mount Vernon; Philadelphia Bank; First and Last Sacrifice; Courtship; Lancashireman and Napoleon; A Scene off Bermuda; Recollections of the Black Sea; Ladies' Cabinet, Wit and Sentiment; Meteorological Observations, MUSIC, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains"

Poetry—Prediction; Grotto of the Muses, Belshazzar's Feast; Extract from a Poem in MSS.; Saturday Night at Sea; To the City of Baltimore; To ——; The Days of my Youth; Song, Estonia.

Price $2 50 a year. Published Monthly, by
SAMUEL C. ATKINSON,
nov. 14—tf No. 112 Chesnut Street.

MERCANTILE ACADEMY.

A NEW SYSTEM OF WRITING, taught by R. MEGONEGAL, No. 206 Race Street, which is sanctioned by professors, and gentlemen of the first taste.

The attention of the public is respectfully solicited to the important advantages to be derived from a knowledge of this superior system. By this mode, pupils are taught to sit with ease and elegance, and acquire in a short period that necessary accomplishment, so important to all, a beautiful running and legar hand writing, to write perfectly straight without lines, and with greater freedom than any system ever taught, and so great is the improvement, that eight or ten lessons often produces a bold, free and elegant running hand, by those who could not write their names.

BOOK-KEEPING.

He also informs them that he has completed a new system of book-keeping, so as to enable the student to proficient himself in from 10 to 20 lessons, and to acquire a perfect knowledge of this important science, without fail. The advertiser has examined about 100 sets of books, in the first counting houses of this city, within the last six months, which enables him to give the most perfect forms, and extensive explanations on the science. nov. 14—3m

DRAWING OF THE UNION CANAL LOTTERY,
CLASS NO. 13, FOR 1829.

THE subscribers, Commissioners appointed by the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to superintend the Drawing of the Union Canal Lottery, Class No. 13 for 1829, do hereby certify that the following are the Nos. which were this day drawn from the Oil placed in the wheel, viz:

19 28 44 37 1 15 25 27 57

And that the said Nos. were drawn in the order in which they stand above; that is to say, No. 19 was the first that was drawn, No. 28 was the second, No. 44 was the third; No. 37 was the fourth; No. 1 was the fifth; No. 15 was the sixth; No. 25 was the seventh; No. 27 was the eighth; No. 57 was the ninth and last.

Witness our hands, at the city of Philadelphia, this 14th day of November, 1829.

ANDREW PETTIT,
ROBERT PATTERSON,
CLEMENT C. BIDDLE,
JACOB SPERRY,
P. A. BROWNE.

Attest—THOMAS P. ROBERTS, Secretary.

From the preceding certificate, it will be seen what numbers were drawn from the wheel for determining the Prizes in the Union Canal Lottery, Class No. 13, for 1829, with the order in which they were drawn; and the Managers announce to the public the following as the result:—

The Tickets which drew the 55 highest prizes, are those having on them for Combination Numbers,		
19 28 44, being the 1st 2d and 3d drawn,		$30,000
1 15 37,	4th, 5th and 6th,	15,000
25 27 57,	7th, 8th and 9th,	10,000
15 25 57,	6th 7th and 9th,	5,000
15 27 57,	6th, 8th and 9th,	4,010
25 37 37, 4th 7th and

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

CHARADE.

My first was dreary, cold, and dark
As I left my second's door,
The sky showed not one cheerful spark,
And I heard no sound but the watch dog's bark
As I wandered the wild heath over.

In a lonely spot I chanced to be
When my third came fiercely on;
He tore my cloak and fled from me,
And left me there alone.

Then swiftly the dark clouds passed away,
And the silver moon did fling
On my path once more her ray,
And my whole began from the green wood spray
Her blithsome carolling.

WHAT I HATE.

I hate the toothache, when with maddening jumps
Like tortured wild it rages among the stumps;
I hate the whole dire catalogue of aches,
Hysterpercs, fevers hot, and ague shakes.

I hate mad dogs, snakes, dandies, flies, and bugs,
Tea parties, wild cats, toads, and whiskey jugs,
Hard times, bad roads, spoiled fish, and lawless banks,
State news, cold soup, tight purse, and lawyers' thanks.

I hate long stories, and short oats of corn,
A costly farm-house, and a shabby barn;
More cats than pigs, no books, but many guns,
Bore toes, tight shoes, old debts and paper duns.

I hate tight lacing, and loose conversation,
Abundant gab, and little information;
The man that sings in bed, and snores in meeting
Who laughs while talking, and talks much while eating.

GOING TO LAW.

An Upper and a Lower Mill
Fell out about their water;
'Tis said they went, that is to law,
Resolved to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,
And lustily they contended;
When fees grew slack, the war they waged,
They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,
Were settled without pother—
One Lawyer took the Upper Mill,
The Lower Mill, the other.

EPIGRAM.

A vicar lone ill, who had treasur'd up wealth,
Told his curate, one Sunday, to pray for his health;
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,
That the curate ought rather to wish he were dead.
"For my teeth," said the curate, "let credit be given,
I ne'er pray'd for his death—*but I have for his living.*"

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

The Reverend Rowland Hill, while preaching, saw many of his congregation asleep, which occasioned him to say, "I am sorry to see so many of my congregation asleep, and among the rest Mrs. Hill;" but for this public admonition to his better half, he got a severe reprimand, and promised not to wake her up again in public. Shortly after the good lady was again asleep and nodding in church; and a person near her, snoring so loud as to disturb the congregation: this Mr. Hill could not long endure, and he called out "don't you snore so loud there, or you will wake up Mrs. Hill."

A sturdy yeoman at a recent dinner party of several of the free and independent electors of a county in England, was seen examining with surprise and inquisitiveness a silver fork which was laid for him. He took it up, looked at it, felt its prongs, and then with a disappointed air laid it down again. In a minute or two afterwards the soup was handed round, and when his plateful was deposited before him, he turned round to the waiter and holding up the silver fork said, "young man—here,—I'll thank you to take this away, and bring me a spoon wi'out any slits in it."

THE ART OF BOTHERING.

By an over zeal to give minute directions, we are very apt to bewilder those who execute our commissions. The following order was actually sent by a farmer's wife to a dry good merchant, and has been copied, says our correspondent, *verbatim*. It is almost equal to the pig-tail story in the sailor's letter.—*Ariel.*

"SIR:—If you please send me a handsome winter cloak, let it be full yard long and let it be full, it is for a large woman, they tell me I may have a large one and a handsome one for eleven dollars, I should not be willing to give more than twelve, but if you have any as long, either silk or plaid, if it is cheaper I should like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve dollars; I beg you, sir, to be so good as not to fail me this cloak on Wednesday, without fail, let it be full yard long, I beg, or else it will not do, fail not Wednesday, and so doing you will oblige ———

"P. S. I hope you will charge your lowest price, and if you please not to send a silk one but cloth, full yard long and full, and please to send it to Mr. ———'s stage office, pray don't send me a silk one, but plaid, I have altered my mind, I should not like it silk but plaid, let it be full yard long and plaid, and not more than twelve dollars at most, one of the cheapest you have and full yard long, send two, both of a length, and both large ones, full yard long, and both of a price, they be both for one woman, they must be exactly alike for goodness and price, fail them not on Wednesday, and full yard long.

"N. B. If the newest fashion be longer than a yard, send them longer, but let them be full, be sure to send two, let one be silk and the other plaid, full length, and at the lowest price, both of a size and price, and full."

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.—His opinion was well known to those who had done him the honour to attend to him; it was, that at all times, in all countries, and upon all occasions, there should be no distinction in political rights on account of religious opinions. He would have religious toleration as equal as the laws of England; and that all men should be estimated in society by their morals, and not by the mode of religious worship.—*C. J. Fox, May 19, 1795.*

Power and opulence are the darling objects of every nation; and yet in every nation possessed of opulence, virtue subsides, selfishness prevails, and sensuality becomes the ruling passion.—*Lord Kaimes.*

Men are more civilized by their pleasure than their occupations. Business dispenses not only with ceremony, but often with common civility; and we should become rude, repulsive, and ungracious, did we not recover in our recreations the urbanity which, in the bustle of our labors, we disregard.—*Anon.*

An inviolable fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.—*Tatler.*

If a man would keep both integrity and independence free from temptation, let him keep out of debt: Dr. Franklin says, "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

To decide between the interfering claims of duty and inclination is the moral arithmetic of human life.—*Hall.*

GOOD EXTRACT.—When people say such a one is injudicious, or ignorant, or feeble, or shallow, but is a good mother, they talk nonsense. That which the woman is, the mother will be; and her personal qualities will direct and govern her maternal instinct, as her taste will influence her appetite. If she be prejudiced and ignorant, the good mother will mismanage her children; and if she be violent in temper, and vehement in opinion, the good mother will be petulant and subject towards them if she be inconsistent and capricious, she will alternate between fits of severity and burste of indulgence, equally fatal; if she be calm, and consistent, and selfish, she may be fond of her children through her pride, but she will always be ready to sacrifice their enjoyments, and even their interests, to the triumphs of her own vanity, or the gratification of her egotism.—*Book of the Bowdoins.*

CURING A HYPOCHONDRIAC.—A gentleman who had for a long time fancied himself dying of a liver complaint was advised by Dr. Crawford, of Baltimore, to make an excursion into the State of Ohio. After travelling about three months, he returned home apparently in good health; but upon receiving information of the death of a twin brother, who had actually died of a schirous liver, he immediately staggered, and falling down, cried out that he was dead, and had, as he always expected, died of a liver complaint. Dr. Crawford being sent for, immediately attended, and on being informed of the situation which had seized the hypochondriac, immediately exclaimed, "O yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more than probable his liver was the death of him. However, to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open before putrefaction takes place." He called for a carving knife, and whetting it as a butcher would to open a calf, he stepped up to him, and began to open his waistcoat. The hypochondriac became so horribly frightened, that he leaped up with the agility of a rabbit, and crying out "Murder! murder! murder!" ran off with a speed that would have defied a score of doctors to catch him. After running a considerable distance, until he was almost exhausted, he halted; and not finding the doctor at his heels, soon became composed. From that period this gentleman was never known to complain of his liver, nor had he for more than 20 years afterwards, any symptoms of this disease.

HIEROGLYPHIC.—[illegible]OTT.—Polly and Bet sy [illegible], the former the wife of Michael [illegible], are advertised in a western paper as having eloped. Michael will recover Polly, we hope; for, though it is not said whether she is [illegible]some, she is represented as being [illegible]y. Probably if she could tell her own story, she would say she left her husband for being too frequently [illegible]cuffed. At any rate, as her situation is described, she ought not to be too roughly [illegible]led.

A profitable Wife.—A clergyman in one of our large cities, having married a couple, who were strangers, found on opening a piece of brown paper, which was enclosed in the certificate, one bright cent. A few months after, while walking in the street, a stranger accosted him with the question, "Do you know me, sir?" "I do not," was the reply. "Do not! why, sir, you married me." "Quite probable," replied the clergyman—"but I so frequently marry strangers, that it is difficult afterwards, always to recognize them." "One circumstance," said the stranger, "which I will relate, will, I doubt not, bring me to your recollections do you not remember finding a bright cent, in a certificate which was handed you before marrying a couple?" "I do," said the minister. "I was the man! When I was married, I knew not whether my wife would be of any value, and concluded, that if she should not, your service for me was of little value. After I was married, I took lodgings, and soon after went to sea, leaving my wife upon half pay. On my return, I found my wife had paid her rent, supported herself, and laid by a small sum of money, without taking up any of my wages; I am satisfied that I have found a profitable wife, and I now request your acceptance of a five dollar bill for marrying me."

EPIGRAM—TO A GAMBLER.

If you take my advice, my dear friend, you will say
That the *best throw* with dice is—*to throw them away.*

COMFORT AND CARES.—"All human situations," says Franklin, "have their inconveniences: we feel those that we find in the present, and we neither feel nor see those that exist in another. Hence we make frequent and troublesome changes without amendment and often for the worse. In my youth I was passenger in a little sloop, descending the Delaware: there being no wind, we were obliged when the ebb was spent to cast anchor and wait for the next. The heat of the sun was excessive, the company all strangers to me, and not very agreeable. Near the river side I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a large shady tree, where it struck my fancy I could sit and read, and pass the time agreeably till the tide turned. I therefore prevailed with the captain to put me ashore. Being landed I found a great part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which, in come at my tree, I was up to my knees in the mud; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before the mosquitoes, in swarms, found me out, attacked my face, and legs, and made my reading and my rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach, and called for a boat to come and take me on board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had strove to quit and also the laugh of the company. Similar cases in the affairs of life have often fallen under my observation."

THE AMERICAN GLOW WORM.

The Worcester Ægis contains a very interesting account of the American glow worm, which is said to be rarely seen. The writer says that it might be mistaken in the day time, for a common grub. It is about an inch and a half in length, one fourth of an inch wide, and is entirely destitute of wings. It emits an uninterrupted flood of light, of a beautiful greenish tint, and sufficient to see to read by, from twelve luminous points of the size of a pin's head, situated on each side of its body and running its whole length. Its back is also crossed by an equal number of luminous bands.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS STILL PREVALENT IN ENGLAND.

Some of the customs now observed in England seem very ludicrous.

For instance, in Rochford, in the county of Essex, on every Wednesday morning, next after Michaelmas day, at cock crowing, there is held a court by the Lord of Raleigh, where the steward and suitors whisper to each other, and have no candles, and as a substitute for pen and ink, they use a piece of charcoal. Every one who owes a service to the Lord, forfeits to him a sum equal to double his rent for every hour's absence. The court is called Lawless.

In Kidlington, Oxfordshire, on Monday after Whitsun week, the maids of the town, with their thumbs tied behind them, chase a fat lamb through the town, and she who can catch and hold the lamb by her mouth, receives it as her prize, and is, thenceforth, called the "Lady of the lamb."

In Coleshill, county of Warwick, if the young men of that town can catch a hare, and bring it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter Monday, the person is bound to give them a calf's head, and a hundred eggs for their breakfast, besides a groat in money.

A pickpocket, named Moulin, tried to rob a gentleman of his purse as he was going into the Theatre Francaise. The stranger felt the pull at his pocket, but Moulin, without losing his presence of mind, quickened the motion of his hand, and extracted the purse. He immediately opened it and took out some silver to pay for a ticket. At the same moment the gentleman said to him, "Sir, you have taken my purse—give it back." —"*Trouve de Diaus!*" replied Moulin, in apparent astonishment, "are you quite sure?" Then looking attentively at the purse, he exclaimed, "*Bagasse*—I really thought it was my own; upon my honor I beg your pardon." At the same time handed back the purse—and the bystanders imagined that he had taken it through accident.

NOVEL DISEASE AMONG THE ANTILLES.—As if the yellow fever were not a sufficient scourge, another disease has broken out in the Antilles. It is not fatal, but occasions the most fearful agony, sparing neither age nor constitution. At the Havannah, it is generally considered that this strange malady was introduced by the Spanish squadron under Admiral Laborde, into Cuba, after having caught it themselves on the American continent. In the islands belonging to the French, the physicians can agree only in one point, respecting this disease,—which is, that it was absolutely unknown in the places now suffering the most from it. In the maritime towns of Martinique, it has continued more than six months, at the Havannah the inhabitants were taken ill almost simultaneously; so that at a moment's notice it was necessary to establish hospitals in many parts of the city. The grave Spaniard has given to this troublesome guest the name which it bears in the place from which it is supposed to come,—adding likewise the designation of this place;—thus, they have formed the expression Bangue del Colmado: the French, disposed to laugh at every thing even the most painful, designate this new disease by the name of an animal very fashionable a short time since, and call it the Giraffe.

A writer in the New York Morning Herald estimates but the farmers of the United States supply the manufacturers with

	per annum
Wool, to the amount of	$3,000,000
Grain,	2,500,000
Meat,	6,000,000
Corn, rye, butter, eggs and vegetables,	2,500,000
Textiles, wood, fuel and timber,	1,500,000
Cotton wool,	6,000,000
Indigo, and other articles,	120,000
Total,	$20,615,000

USE OF THE HORSE-CHESNUT.

If the value of this nut was more generally understood, it would not be suffered to rot and perish without being turned to any account, as at present. The horse chesnut contains a saponaceous juice, very useful not only in bleaching, but in washing linens and other stuffs. The nut must be peeled and ground, and the meal of twenty of them is sufficient for ten quarts of water, and either linens or woollens may be washed with the infusion without any other soap, as it effectually takes out spots of all kinds. The clothes should, however, be afterwards rinsed in spring water. The same meal, steeped in hot water, and mixed with an equal quantity of bran, makes a nutricious food for pigs and poultry.

Another use to which the horse chesnut may be applied, is the cure of the piles, by simply carrying two or three about the person. Whimsical as this may appear, it is nevertheless an efficacious cure.

WATERING OF HORSES.

This is a part of their dieteties that is not of a trifling import. All horses prefer soft water; and it proves more wholesome. It is not a good custom to warm water generally for horses, but it is a much worse custom to give them water just drawn from a pump or well; and particularly in summer, when such water is comparatively colder than in winter, and when the horse is probably much hotter from exercise, clothing, &c. &c.

As some horses drink quicker than others, it is more proper to give them their water in the stable than at a pond, where they often drink immoderately. The quantity given should be regulated by the exercise and other circumstances. In summer when the exercise has been severe, more is necessary. In common cases a large horse requires more than the half of a large stable pail, and that twice in the day; at night a full pail should be allowed, making in all three waterings. It is erroneous to suppose that abstinence from water increases the wind or vigor; on the contrary, many diseases are encouraged, particularly inflammatory ones, by this deprivation. If it were the custom to place water within reach of the animal he would be found to drink more frequently, but less freely than when watered according to the usual method. The restraint in this particular when journeying is barbarity itself, and is fatal to the appetite, to the spirit, and to the temper of the animal.—Horses should never be galloped after drinking; it is the frequent cause of broken wind; nor should horses have much water given before eating; but on a journey, when the animal is very dry, give three or four quarts—then feed—and, when that is partly eaten, some more; and afterwards the remainder of the quantity intended, which in hot weather should be liberal.

Journal of the Franklin Institute,

PUBLISHED THIS DAY, by the Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania, for the promotion of the Mechanic Arts—No. 8, vol. 4, for November, 1829.

Published monthly at five dollars per annum. Subscriptions received at the Actuary's Office, in the Hall of the Institute. nov. 14—3t

American Stenographic Academy,
BY M. T. C. GOULD,
No. 6 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

MR. GOULD teaches persons to record the language of public speakers as fast as delivered. Those who cannot attend his personal instructions may acquire the art from his book—the 7th edition of which, is now before the public, price 50 cents.

N. B. This work will be sent by mail to any part of the United States, upon the following condition, viz.

If $1 be enclosed in a letter from a less distance than 150 miles, the writer will receive a copy of short hand free from postage both ways. If from a greater distance than 150, he will receive two copies, paying his own postage both ways. nov. 14—tf

AN APPRENTICE WANTED.

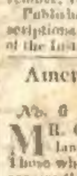
IN a Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods Store. A youth from the country, of respectable connections, who can write a fair hand, is acquainted with figures, and about fifteen years of age. Enquire at No. 243 South Second street. nov. 14—3t*

DYEING ESTABLISHMENT

REMOVED from No. 38 North Eighth street, to No. 7 South Seventh street, between Market and Chesnut streets.

S. WILLIAMSONS' inform their friends, That they their business still intend To carry on, as heretofore. Altho' they have removed their store. They there intend to colour still, And try to suit you to your will; With Lilacs, Greens, and various blues, And other colours if you choose. Here Ladies' Dresses will be dyed, And Gentlemen's Apparel beside; And every order, it is true, Shall promptly be attended to. aug 1—ow6m

R. S. RISLEY & CO.



HAVE at their Store, No 68 NORTH THIRD STREET, between Arch and Cherry streets, a handsome assortment of RICH CUT and PLAIN GLASS FURNITURE KNOBS, &c. of every description, having erected a GLASS CUTTING FACTORY immediately back of the Store, where GLASS of every description will be cut to order, or sold on the most reasonable terms.

☞ Wholesale and Retail. Country Merchants and others are invited to call and examine for themselves aug 1—cowtf

WILLIAM H. MOORE,
UNDERTAKER,
No. 102½ Sixth street, below Fitzwater street, (south side.)

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he keeps always on hand, a general assortment of COFFINS, of all sizes and patterns, plain or ornamented.

Also, all of every description ready prepared, which at the shortest notice can be made to order. The whole business of funerals will be attended to, if desired, on very moderate terms, such as furnishing Hearse, Carriages, Shrouds, Pencils, Crape, Gloves, &c. &c.

The subscriber's intention is to devote his whole attention to the above named business.

N. B. Attendance at all hours. *CIRCUMSTANCES TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION.*
aug. 30—tf

JAMES CLARK

OFFERS for sale, at No. 137 South Front street, a variety of Books, Paper and Stationary. Also, Slates, Slate Pencils, Lead Pencils, Red and Black Ink, Ink Powders, Ink Stands, Wafers, and Sealing Wax, Bills of Lading, Shipping Articles, Manifests, Seamen's Journals, &c.

Patent Blank Books ruled to any pattern, and bound in a superior style as above, or at the Bindery, over No. 23 Market street.

Rags taken in exchange for any of the above articles. sept. 30—6m

D. WIDNER, AGENT AND TAILOR,
No. 107 Race street, fourth door above Third

COATS, PANTALOONS and VESTS made and trimmed cheap for cash. A general assortment of Cloths and Cassimeres on hand, as cheap as at any store in this city.

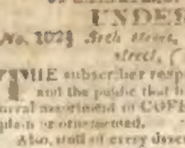
☞ First rate Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchiefs and Vests, ready made, cheap for cash. march 28—1y

THOMAS EARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE NO. 80 PHILADELPHIA ARCADE.
RESIDENCE No. 199 North Sixth street, between Vine and Callowhill.

Legal business promptly attended to; and Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, Petitions, and other writings neatly drawn, on moderate terms.

Office open daily from 8, A. M. till sunset. Also, on Saturday evenings. sept. 12—tf

WINTER MILLINERY.



THE Ladies of Philadelphia are respectfully informed, that a handsome assortment of winter Millinery, together with one case of French Hats, Turbans, &c., will be opened on Wednesday, November 4th, at

JOHNSON'S,
oct. 31—lt* No. 112 North Second Street.

CONVEYANCING, &C.

THE Subscriber has opened an office at No. 165 Green Street, for the purchase and sale of Real Estate.

Also attends to the drawing of Deeds, Wills, Bonds, Mortgages, and other writings of every description, on reasonable terms.

☞ A register kept of property on sale; and every attention paid with scrupulous fidelity.

Money procured on Bond, Mortgage, or other sufficient security.

Mechanics' Accounts arranged and adjusted; Draughts of machinery, architectural plans and buildings, drawn with neatness and accuracy.

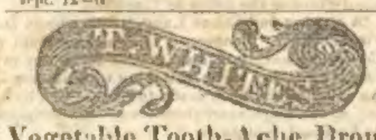
nov. 7—tf J. EVANS REDMAN.

To those Afflicted with the Dropsy.

A PERSON recently from the South, being in possession of a receipt which will infallibly eradicate that fatal disease, offers it to the public, with the assurance of a safe and speedy cure. Certificates as respects the efficacy of the medicine, as well as its not being injurious to the constitution, can be shown. For particulars inquire at this office. Nov. 7—3t

PAPER WAREHOUSE,
No. 230 Market, opposite Decatur Street.

S. POTTER has constantly on sale at the above Warehouse, at the lowest mill prices, every description of paper manufactured in the United States, on which a liberal credit will be given. sept. 12—tf



Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops.

THE only specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained of that disagreeable pain, the tooth-ache, with all its attendant evils; such as fracturing jaws in extracting of the teeth, which often proves more painful than the tooth-ache itself; and cold passing from the decaying teeth to the jaw, thence to the head, producing a rheumatic affection, with many other unpleasant effects, such as a disagreeable breath, bad taste in the mouth, &c. &c. all of which are occasioned from foul or decaying teeth. I am happy in being it in my power to offer to the world a remedy that will not only remove the pain, but preserve the teeth from further decay, (3 times out of 10 if properly applied,) and arrest the disease in such as are decaying and have not commenced aching, restoring them to health and usefulness.

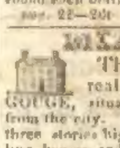
N. B. There are many cases that are difficult to bring the liquid in contact with the parts effected, hence failures sometimes occur, to obviate which, I would recommend that it be applied by a dentist. William J. A. Bailey, surgeon dentist, No. 92 South Fifth street, Philadelphia, has used it in his practice with success, for some time past.

Prepared and sold wholesale and retail by the proprietor in Philadelphia; also sold by the following Druggists: T. W. DYOTT, N. E. corner of Second and Race streets; J. C. JENKINS, No. 167 Market street, north side; M. L. GORDON, S. E. corner of Third and Race streets; J. A. CANTRELL, No. 472 South Front street; S. P. GRIFFITS, S. W. corner of Chesnut and Eighth streets; E. TOWNSEND, S. E. corner of Chesnut and Tenth sts; Dr. W. C. POOLE, S. E. corner of Ninth and Race sts.; W. BIDDLE, N. W. corner of Eleventh and Arch sts.; W. MARROT, N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch sts.; T. DUGDALE, No. 45 Arch street; W. HANLEY, in Seventh, below Pine st.; W. H. DUFFIELD, N. E. corner of Fourth and Pine sts.; T. M'CLINTOCK, N. W. corner of Fifth and Callowhill sts.; GEORGE MELLOR, S. E. corner of Third and Walnut; Douglass and Abbott, South East corner of Third and Arch streets.

☞ To guard against counterfeits the directions round each bottle will be signed by the proprietor.

sept. 22—2m T. WHITE.

MILL FOR SALE.



The subscriber offers for sale the real estate of JESSE and EZRA GOUGE, situated in Germantown, about six miles from the city. The property consists of a stone Mill, three stories high, several workshops, five stone dwelling houses, and about ten acres of good land. It is pleasantly situated, in good repair, and would be valuable for many manufacturers requiring a small water power. It has been used as a Woollen factory and will be sold on reasonable terms either with or without the machinery. WILLIAM LOGAN FISHER, Assignee.
oct. 17—6t* Germantown, Oct 17.

JAMES F. CALLBREATH,
Ladies' Boot and Shoe Maker.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has at his store, No. 58 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, 5 DOORS ABOVE ARCH STREET, Philadelphia, a general assortment of LADIES', MISSES AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, all of which will be sold as low as at any store in the city, quality considered. Families in the country, and country store keepers, can be supplied on reasonable terms, and on the shortest notice.
oct. 17—3m*

☞ In going along, before you pass,
Just step a moment and look at our glass.

M'CORD & ELMER,
MANUFACTURERS OF CUT GLASS,
No. 11 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and customers that they are now offering an splendid an assortment of Cut Glass, they flatter themselves as possibly be manufactured in any part of the world. Also, our hundred HALL AND ENTRY LAMPS, cut in various elegant new patterns; the whole of which they will sell as low, if not lower than can be purchased. Their workmanship they consider enough known to need no comment. Country merchants will do well to examine here before purchasing elsewhere.

N. B. The most liberal encouragement given to those who purchase to sell again. july 25—6m

TETTER OINTMENT.

THE article now offered to the public has been found, after numerous trials, one of the most efficacious remedies for this unpleasant disease, and most other eruptions of the skin. Being entirely a vegetable preparation, it may be used on children with perfect safety. Prepared only at F. KLETT'S.
Wholesale and retail Drug Store, N. E. corner of Callowhill and Second streets. july 11—tf

NOTICE.

JESSE & EZRA GOUGE, Manufacturers of Germantown, having covented to the subscriber an assignment of their effects, for the benefit of all their creditors, without distinction, or reservation, he requests all persons having demands against the said assignment to present them, and those indebted to them to make payment. WM. LOGAN FISHER.
Germantown, October 10th, 1829. oct. 17—6t*

THE PEARL FOR 1830.

THOMAS T. ASH, 139 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, has just published an elegant annual for young persons—THE PEARL, or, Affection's Gift. Embellished with Eight splendid Engravings, viz:—

1. Ornamental Title-page, ... Engraved by Steel.
2. Mother and Boy, ... Seagle.
3. Emily and her Kitten, from a painting by Sully, ... Kelly.
4. The Father's Pride, ... Kearney.
5. The Storm, ... Seagle.
6. The Mother's Joy, ... Ellis.
7. The Little Foreigners, ... Kearney
8. The Pilot's Children, ... Steel.
9. External Embellishments.

THOMAS T. ASH has also just published THE GENTLEMAN'S POCKET REMEMBRANCER for 1830, containing government and general information.

Also, THE TOKEN for 1830, ornamented with 13 beautiful engravings.

Orders for the above works will be punctually attended to. nov. 7—3t

To My Creditors.

TAKE NOTICE, that I have applied to the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Indiana, for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this commonwealth, made for the relief of Insolvent Debtors.—And that the said Court has appointed the fourth Monday in December next for the hearing of me and my creditors, at the court-house in Indiana, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

nov. 7—3t* BERNARD GARATY.

TO WHEEL WRIGHTS.

FOR sale, seasoned cart and gig spokes, hubs and felloes. JOSEPH RHODES,
nov. 7—3t* Oak, above Green street.

THE FEMALE'S SPECIFIC.

☞ IT HAS NEVER FAILED. ☜

THIS Medicine, the never failing powers of which can be proved by references to ladies of the greatest respectability in this city, can always be had at No. 169 PINE STREET, where application can be made either by letter, or personally. nov. 7—1y

A Valuable Paper Mill & Plantation,
AT PRIVATE SALE.

CONTAINING fifty acres of excellent land, situate in Kennet Township, Chester county, Pa.—eleven miles from Wilmington and one from Kennet Square; bounded by lands of Joel Pennock, William Way and others. The improvements are a new and substantial

PAPER MILL,

with one vat, with twenty-one feet head and fall, all in complete order for business, being rebuilt in 1825—and ten or twelve feet more fall might be added; the power with the present wheel is sufficient to drive two engines—

A large and convenient STONE DWELLING HOUSE & KITCHEN, with a pump of excellent water near the door, two other stone dwelling houses, one of which is large enough to accommodate two families; Frame Barn, cellared under, stone wagon house, with corn-crib adjoining—A thriving apple orchard of the best grafted fruit trees, eight or ten acres of woodland and a suitable proportion of meadow.

It is presumed a more desirable situation for business has rarely been offered for sale in this County. An indisputable title. Any person wishing to view the property will be shown it by the subscriber living thereon.
11th mo. 7.—6t BISHOP BRATTEN.

REMOVAL.

JOSEPH COBB, Tailor, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to Vine street, nine doors above Twelfth, north side, where he is prepared to execute their orders punctually, and on reasonable terms. oct. 17—3t*

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE it remembered, that on the twenty-first day of October, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1829, JOHN F. ADDINGTON, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"Poetical Quotations: being a Complete Dictionary of the most Elegant Moral, Sublime, and Humorous Passages in the British Poets.

"The speculative may here find experience; the flattered, truth; the diffident, resolution; the presumptuous, modesty; the oppressor, mercy; the proud, humility; and the powerful, justice. Youth and age may improve equally by consulting it:—the one it directs—the other it admonishes. Whilst it amends the heart, it informs the head, and is, at the same time, the rule of virtue, and the standard of poetical eloquence.—*Hayward.*

"By JOHN F. ADDINGTON. In Four Volumes."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.
oct. 31—4t*

CHEAP HARDWARE.

EDWARD A. SMITH, No. 203 Callowhill, below Sixth street, has just opened a complete assortment of Hardware, consisting of locks, latches, bolts, hinges, screws, cut and wrought nails, brads, feeks, springs, saws, hatchets, files and rasps, plane irons, chisels and gouges, Turkey and Hindostan oil stone, bed screws, commode Locks, straw knives, Dale Cox wagon boxes, shovels and spades, pen, pocket, and two blade knives, razors, scissors, butchers' and shoe knives, knives and forks, carvers, tea and table spoons, patent metal hollow ware, brass kettles, iron pots, ovens, spiders, coffee mills, and irons, gridirons, brass and iron candlesticks, snuffers, andirons, shovels and tongs, &c. &c.

E. A. S. intends keeping a constant supply of the above, and all articles in his line, and as he receives his goods direct from England, he is enabled to dispose of them, wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms.

Builders, carpenters and others are invited to call and judge for themselves. sept. 12—3m

THE SUBSCRIBERS

HAVING entered into co-partnership, and do now offer, very low, either wholesale or retail, at their store, No. 68 North Second street, above Arch, nearly opposite the Philadelphia Hotel, the following articles, viz:—

Gro de naples, black, blue black, and assorted colours.
Satin Turc, do. do. do.
Black, blue black, and assorted colours, gro de ladies.
A new style strip'd do. do.
Italian luteering.
Black and assorted colours, silk velvets.
White, black, blue black, and assorted colours, satins.
Assorted colours, Mantua ribons, from No. 1 to No. 22.
One case 6-16 and 9-22 embroidered gro de nap ribons, of a new style.
Plain satin ribon, different numbers.
Canton and Naukin crapes.
Black face veils, different sizes and qualities.
Italian and Arcophene crape, white, black, and assorted.
Thibet, cashmere, and Persimette shawls.
With a variety of other silk and fancy articles, all of which they will dispose of low.
oct. 3—3m GOLDSMITH & GOUDKOP.

CASHMERE, MERINO,

SILK, Cloth and Crape Shawls, &c. Cleaned and Dressed, the fringe curled, and the colours warranted not to fade, by MRS. E. SINCLAIR,
No 139 South Fourth street, 1st door above Pine.
sept. 19—3m

THE TEETH.

TIMELY SKILFUL and judicious dental operations are indeed very important, as health of body, a sweet breath, the distinct articulation of speech, prevention of pain, and the preservation of the natural form and beauty of the countenance, all mainly depend on early attention being paid to the preservation of the teeth. The advertiser continues to perform all operations in the line of his profession, on moderate terms.

N. B. A cure for the Tooth Ache, warranted, as far as any thing of the kind can be warranted.

B. WILLIAMS, Dentist.
No. 122 North Fourth street, above Race street.
sept. 12—3m

NOTICE TO REED MAKERS.

THE subscribers have just received from Saxonia, a large lot of CANE, for making REEDS, of a very superior quality, which they offer for sale at their Establishment, in College Avenue, Tenth, between Market and Chesnut streets. They have also on hand, Linen and Woollen Reeds, suitable for country dealers. Steel Reeds of every kind made to order.

N. B. Spanish Cane, suitable for Musical Instruments, for sale as above.

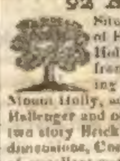
JAMES FIFE & SON,
nov. 7—3t* 8 College Avenue.

The Lancaster Intelligencer will please insert the above three times, and charge to N. E. Post.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of a decree of the Orphan's Court of the County of Burlington, in the Term of August, 1829—will be sold at Public Vendue, on 4th day, the 25th of the 11th month next, the premises—the following described Real Estate, late the property of Jacob Burton, deceased, to wit:—

92 ACRES OF LAND,



Situated on Wheat Ridge, in the Township of Evesham, about six miles from Mount Holly, two from Moorestown and eleven from Camden, on the Stage road leading from Camden through Moorestown to Mount Holly, adjoining lands of Richard Borton, Levi Hollenger and others. The improvements are a good two story Brick House, 26 by 38 feet, a Barn of larger dimensions, Corn House &c. There is likewise a well of excellent water, an Apple Orchard, a bearing Peach Orchard, and one younger, with a variety of other Fruit Trees. There is also on the premises, a bed of excellent Marl, and a quantity of Timber, part of which is young and thrifty.

Any person wishing to view the premises, may call on the subscribers, who reside on the same. Sale to commence between the hours of twelve and five o'clock in the afternoon of said day, when attendance will be given and conditions made known by

JEMIMA BORTON, Administratrix.
JACOB BORTON, Administrator.
nov. 7.—3t*

Superior Cast Steel Edge Tools,

MANUFACTURED by Dunlop, Madeira & Co. (Lennox's works,) Chambersburg, Pa.

Carpenters', Ship Carpenters' and Coopers' ADZES, AXES, BROAD AXES, HATCHETS, FELLING AXES, &c. &c., manufactured of the best Cast Steel, and if not good, to be returned. Also, a general assortment of Hardware, for sale low, at LESLEY & MEREDITH'S Hardware Store, No. 243 Market Street, six doors above Sixth Street. oct. 31—6t

FIRE PROOF DOORS
AND STANDING SCREW PRESSES.

PRESS Screws and Standing Screw Presses, complete, with iron sides, for Tobacconists, Hook Binders, Printers, &c. FIRE PROOF DOORS, of different sizes, for Counting Houses, Banks, &c. ready made, which will be disposed of on reasonable terms.—MILL SCREWS and MILL SPINDLES, made to order, and SMITH WORK in general, by

CHARLES EVANS,
april 25—1y No. 33 Broad street.

FOR SALE,

A new two story brick house in Green street, Northern Liberties. Also, do. Jessamy street, do. do. do. Queen street, Kensington. A small farm in Montgomery county.

WANTED,

Several large and small sums, to be secured by mortgage, on valuable real property.

J. EVANS REDMAN, Conveyancer,
nov. 7—3t* No. 165 Green street.

TO TEACHERS.

TO be disposed of an old established Male and Female School, most eligibly situated in a popular and respectable neighborhood, together with the present number of pupils, school furniture, &c. &c. upon very moderate terms. The present incumbent being about to retire from the scholastic profession, possession may be had immediately.

Address A. B. at this office; all letters post paid.
nov. 14—3t*

INDIGESTION.

Mead's Anti-Dyspeptic Pills,

A SAFE and efficacious remedy for all those deranged states of the digestive organs, constituting Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. This medicine is the invention of a Physician, who has applied his study and practice for a number of years to this distressing disease, and is therefore the result of much experience. Induced by the duty he owes society, the proprietor has adopted this mode of circulation, in order to give it a greater range of publicity, and that it may become more extensively useful than it would possibly be, were it confined within the private practice of any individual whatever.—The great success of these Pills in the cure of those distressing symptoms attending Dyspepsia or Indigestion, have induced many persons, without any knowledge of the materials made use of in this celebrated remedy, to offer to the public as a cure for Dyspepsia, various articles under the name of Pills, Tinctures, &c. in recommending which, they have adopted the very words of the skilful and scientific inventor of this medicine.—The public are therefore requested to observe that none are genuine unless the directions accompanying each box, have the signature of George Smith.

For sale in New York, by O. & W. Hull, No. 128 Maiden Lane, between Pearl and Water streets. Agents for the proprietor, J. & A. & W. S. Peet, No. 41 William street; Lawrence Kerse & Co. No. 115 Maiden